My BOOKHOUSE

THE LATCH KEY

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The Latch Key

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HERE stands a house all built of thought,
And full to overflowing
Of treasures and of precious things,
Of secrets for my knowing.

Its windows look out far and wide
From each of all its stories.
I'll take the key and enter in;
For me are all its glories.

The LATCH KEY of MY BOOKHOUSE

EDITED BY
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My BOOKHOUSE

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My BOOK *of* HISTORY

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THE LATCH KEY

Faust

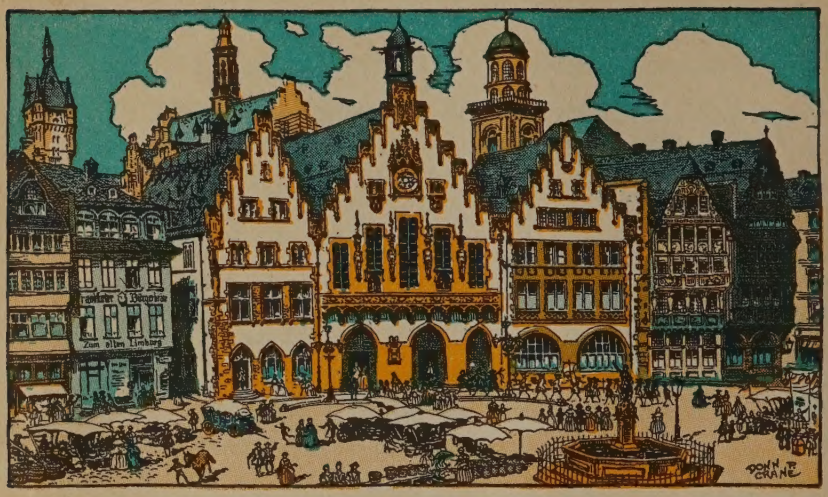
*JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (*German*, 1749-1832)

ON CHRISTMAS Johann's grandmother gave the children a puppet show. It was set up in the back room adjoining the front hall, where the little old lady lived and where the children delighted to play. A marvelous thing it seemed to the boy and his sister, Cornelia. They could make up their own plays, they could dress the puppets as they chose, they could manage the wires that moved them. Johann even invented new scenery out of pasteboard—pretty summerhouses with pilasters and flights of steps and other decorations. The neighbors' children were sometimes invited in to see the show, but the older ones were so noisy that their din often spoiled the performance and Johann soon barred them out admitting only tiny tots whom nursemaids could keep in order.

Johann lived in an ancient wood and plaster house in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Just beside the front door, and projecting on the street, was a cage, a great square cage of wooden lattice. Cooped up in this, like two little birds, Johann and Cornelia often played. Once when Johann was very small, he threw a whole set of toy pots and mugs one by one out the lattice to hear them go smash on the pavement. From the rear, the house commanded a view over neighboring gardens to the walls of the city and far away over the fertile green plain beyond. On the second story was Johann's favorite retreat, a room where he learned his lessons, watched thunderstorms and sunsets and his neighbors in their gardens, now tending flowers, now rolling skittleballs or playing games of nine-pins.

Frankfort was a fine old town for Johann to roam about in. He loved the great bridge over the Main, the busy market places, the Jewish quarter teeming with alien faces, and the beautiful

*Told chiefly from DICHTUNG UND WAHRHEIT (*Poetry and Truth*) *Goethe's Autobiography.*

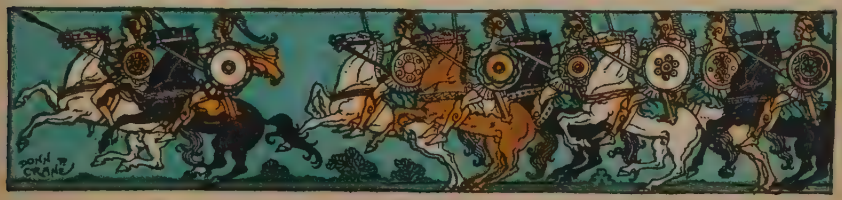


square of the Römer, its ancient buildings finely carved of wood, some weather stained a rich brown and others painted in vivid colors. On fair days when the city was crowded with people, he liked to creep into the Piper's Court in the Town Hall, whither came deputies from Nürnberg, Worms and Bamberg, with gifts sent to gain for the merchants of those cities the right to sell wares at the fair without the paying of duty. Johann's mother's father was the Schultheiss or Imperial Magistrate and Johann was proud to see him sitting up high on a seat, a step higher than all the judges who occupied the benches running around the room. Suddenly music was heard. There came three pipers in cloaks of blue and gold, one playing a shawm, one a bassoon, and one a bombard or oboe. In their wake, the deputies followed, bearing their gifts, a handsomely turned wooden goblet filled with pepper, some antique silver coins, and a pair of gloves such as the Emperor might have worn.

Later in the day the children never failed to visit their grandfather's house. After Grandma had emptied the pepper into

the spice boxes, they might be given the goblet or one of the ancient coins. As to the gloves worthy of an Emperor, Grandfather wore these in the garden when he grafted roses or trained a peach tree to grow fan-shaped against a trellis.

Such sights as Johann saw gave fire to his fancy and he was great at making up stories. Once, he said, he dressed himself up in his Sunday best breeches, and green coat with brass buttons, his buckled shoes on his feet and his hair all carefully powdered. In such style, he insisted, he ran away in quest of an elfin dancer, who appeared for a moment on his hand and danced about in sprightly fashion from one finger-tip to another before she vanished from sight. He had been led, he said, through a marvelous gate in the town wall and over a bridge of golden spears into a marvelous garden. Here the dancing girl had appeared again and played at toy soldiers with him, till the little Greek warriors came to life and galloped away on horseback, with Achilles and the Queen of the Amazons at their head. This tale he told in so realistic a fashion that more than one of his comrades went off in search of the marvelous gate.



When Johann was ten years old, the King of Prussia, Frederick II, made war on the Emperor of Germany. The French came to the assistance of the Emperor and occupied Frankfort. Then there was great to-do in the town and a certain Frenchman, Count Thorane, was quartered in Johann's house. For several years the French remained in Frankfort and Johann's grandfather, the Schultheiss, gave the boy a free ticket to admit him to the French theatre. Here he learned French and saw the plays of Racine, Molière and other famous French writers. He made acquaintance, too, with a lively French boy whose mother was an actress, and in his company he investigated all the ins and outs of the theatre.

There were always plenty of sights, indeed, to be seen in Frankfort, and a boy like Johann, lively and inquiring of spirit, eagerly investigating everything, wishing to experience all the fullness of life and loving its beauties, missed none of them. In Frankfort the imperial coronations were held, and when Johann was fifteen, he saw the son of Frances I and Maria Theresa crowned as heir to the Empire. He beheld the great procession enter the city—soldiers and officials and lackeys and sixteen six-horse state carriages, the Emperor and his son in a magnificent carved and gilded coach with a whole mirror forming the back, and the top and inside upholstered with crimson velvet. He saw the imperial pair returning from the ceremony at the cathedral, walking under the gold embroidered canopy borne by twelve judges, and he managed even to make his way into the great hall of the Römer and look on at the banquet that followed the ceremony.

But the thing that moved Johann most deeply in his youth was seeing the puppet play of Faust, an old, old German legend. Dr. Faust, so the little wooden puppets told the story, was a professor, foolish and arrogant of mind, searching into all things in heaven and earth, desiring all power and all knowledge. In his madness he turned to magic and one night he conjured up the

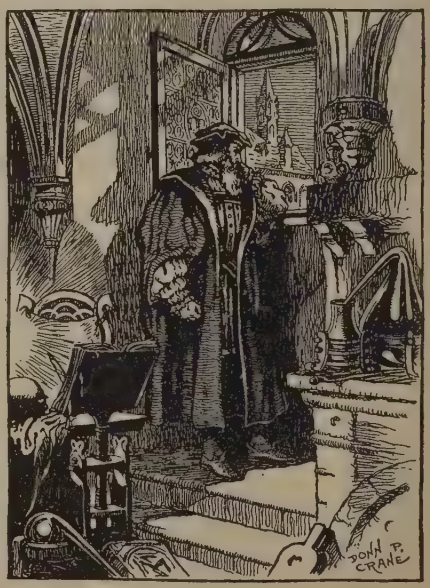
devil with whom he made a compact. Mephistopheles was to give him all power and every pleasure he might desire for twenty-four years but after that Faust was to belong forever to the devil. Now, with the devil's aid, Faust ascended into the sky in a car drawn by dragons and spent a week among the stars. He visited every part of the earth, flying on the back of a winged horse. He played all sorts of tricks of magic. But at the end of the twenty-four years he had to pay for his pleasures. Mid a terrible hissing and whistling he was carried away by devils, and a great display of fireworks represented the Hell to which he was being borne.

This play stuck in Johann's mind. He could not forget it.

At sixteen he was sent to the University of Leipsig to study law, but he, like Faust, could not content himself with the knowledge of the schools, and so he went through a time of revolt, of mental storm and stress. He felt there was a great secret in the universe which was written in none of his books. Nature, he was sure, had some high secret to tell if one could only get closely in touch with her, some simple message that would render the weary plodding of the schools absurd, put an end to the sorrows of humanity and bring universal joy. With the story of Faust in his heart, he now saw in Faust not a mere seeker after personal power and pleasure, such as the legends presented, but a symbol of himself, his own reasoning, doubting, denying intellect, his own heavenly aspiring soul. Faust was no longer a sinner but a searcher after truth, misunderstood and maligned. When Johann went from Leipsig to Strassburg to pursue his studies, the legend of Faust which had lived for two hundred years in the hearts of the German people, was still his favorite theme. In his early period of mental tension, coupled with high soaring dreams, he began writing down bits of the poem. For more than sixty years it haunted him, no matter what else he wrote. When he went to Weimar to become a councilor of state for his friend, the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and later director of the court theatre there, he took a chaotic

manuscript of Faust with him. Through the days of his happy friendship with the poet Schiller when Weimar became the center of the intellectual life of Germany, through the days of his travels in Italy when he knew his own soul calmed down from its early days of revolt, he was writing on Faust, and the changing story reflected the changes in his soul. But not until 1790, when he was forty-one years old, did the book *Faust, A Fragment*, appear; not until he was fifty-nine did Part I of the drama *Faust* find way to print, and not until he was an old man of eighty-three was he able to read to his daughter the whole of the second part. So the story of Faust occupied his thoughts from boyhood to old age and the completed drama is the greatest thing in German literature, one of the most magnificent flights of fancy in the world.

The Story of Faust



IN a high-arched Gothic chamber where the sunlight came but dimly through painted windows, lived Herr Professor Doktor Faust, hemmed in by mouldy books, worm-eaten, dusty, old. He had studied philosophy, law and medicine with every other rigamarole of human knowledge and yet could only cry:

""*Here I stand with all my lore,*
Poor fool, no wiser than before."

Human existence seemed to chain him to the earth. He

**Poems in this story are from the translation by Anna Swanwick.*

wished to know the secret that would free him from galling fetters of the flesh. He would fly through the air in a chariot of fire. He would glide with the moonlight over the meadows. He would pierce through the outward appearance of things to everlasting truth. He would be one with a life unlimited and divine. All these secrets he found written down in none of his university's musty tomes.

"I, the image of God," he cried, "who thought myself almost the mirror of eternal truth, would delight myself in heavenly light and purity, stripped of mortality!"

Dissatisfied and striving ceaselessly, he turned to magic and conjured up the Earth-spirit; but so giant-like and vast a vision only made the man feel shrunk and dwarfed before it. In despair he thought to kill himself, but as he put the poison to his lips, his hand was stayed. He heard the happy bells that usher in the Easter morn, with youths and maidens singing:

"Christ is arisen,
Blessèd the loving one."

Such heavenly songs recalled the simple faith in God that had been his in childhood. Tears filled his eyes; he put the goblet from him. He would remain on earth.

Now, Doctor Faust had as his servitor, a youth named Wagner, a narrow-minded bookworm, satisfied with mouldy knowledge. On the afternoon of Easter Wagner went to walk with Faust outside the city gates. Old Winter's cold was disappearing and the budding joy of Spring lay over all the valley. There were no flowers as yet to give a color to the meadows, but the motley throng in gala dress invested all with brilliant hues. From out the gate they streamed in bright array,—soldiers, students, beggars, burghers.

"Look," cried Faust in loving sympathy. "Look how the throng on nimble feet spreads over field and garden. How the boats glide gaily on the river, and even there from yonder far-off hill come flashing back the brilliant hues of colored garments."

Underneath the linden tree were peasant lads and lassies dancing.

The shepherd for the dance was dressed
With ribbon, wreath, and colored vest,
A gallant show displaying,
And round about the linden-tree
They footed it right merrily,
Juch-he! Juch-he!
Juch-heisa! Heisa! He!
So fiddle bow was braying.

Swift in the circle they advanced,
They danced to right, to left they danced,
And all the skirts were swinging,
And they grew red and they grew warm,
Panting, they rested arm in arm,
Juch-he! Juch-he!
Juch-heisa! Heisa! He!
To hip their elbow bringing.

At length the air grew chill and evening mists began to steal like ghostly wraiths across the valley. Then Faust espied a strange black poodle slipping in and out amid the grain and circling ever nearer. A fateful beast he seemed, a creature drawing magic snares to make a band around their feet. Say, was not that a track of fire he left behind him on his path? Nay, Wagner could

see nothing save a simple dog who wagged his tail.

"Come hither, sir!" cried Faust. The poodle came and followed him back home.

And now the tumult in the heart of Faust was calmed.

"In evening quiet, all unholy thoughts must die," he cried. "The love of man doth sway us and love to God inspires the soul."

But at his words the dog began to scamper noisily and sniff about.

"Peace, poodle, peace," cried Faust. "Go lay thee down behind the stove."

He spoke of hope new-sprung within his breast, whereat the poodle snarled and when he opened up his Bible and began to read, the poodle barked and howled till Faust would fain have sent him from the room. Then in a flash the beast grew long and broad. A hippopotamus he seemed with fiery eyes.

"What devil have I brought home?" cried Faust.

A devil indeed. The creature swelled and swelled until he faded into mist, and when the mist had sunk, there stepped from out the shadow of the stove one, Mephistopheles, the Lord of all Destruction, Prince of Darkness, Master of Deceits and Adversary of God. To him all yearning towards a high ideal in men was but a laughing stock. Hi, yi! The strivings of these little human grasshoppers who fain would fly but could not, seemed antics quite ridiculous. Said he to Faust:

"Come, stop your brooding. Go out and see the world. Eat, drink, be merry. Let pleasure cure your sorrows."

He would make the man eat dust! He would stop his strivings after truth and freedom with mere animal delights, enjoyment of the senses. Faust was desperate. He did not really believe the devil's lure could bring him peace and yet he could not go on

living as he had. And so he signed a solemn compact with his blood. The devil should serve him faithfully so long as he should live on earth, but when his earthly life was ended, Faust would yield himself to Mephistopheles forever, on this one condition only—the devil should sometime bring to him such happiness that he would stretch himself upon a bed of ease completely satisfied, and wish the passing moment to endure forever.

The compact made, off sallied Mephistopheles with Faust to taste the revelry of Auerbach's Cellar in Leipsig, where the students of the university caroused. But here amid the maudlin crowd, the drinking and the singing, Faust was only bored.

"The man's too old," the devil said, and so he took him off to seek from some old witch a magic potion that should make him young again.

The witch's kitchen was a gloomy place, with signs of magic all about. Above the fire there hung a huge black cauldron, whence arose mysterious forms appearing in the steam. Beside the kettle, skimming it and watching that it did not bubble over, sat an ape, while other apes crouched near.

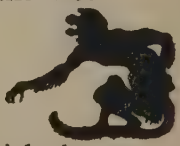
"It seems your dame is not at home," said Mephistopheles.

The apes made answer: "She's gone to carouse out of the house, through the chimney and away."

But soon they fell to playing and quite forgot the cauldron.

All at once it overflowed. A flame shot up the chimney. With horrid cries the witch came down, crying through the fire:

"Ough, Ough, Ough, Ough,
Accursèd brute! Accursèd sow!
The cauldron dost neglect? For shame,
Accursèd brute, to scorch the dame!"



Then seeing Faust and Mephistopheles, she shrieked:

"Whom have we here? Who's sneaking here? Whence are ye come? With what desire? The plague of fire your bones consume!"

And in the boiling pot she dipped the ladle, throwing flames

about. The monkeys whimpered fearfully, but Mephistopheles began to rage and smash the pans and glasses.

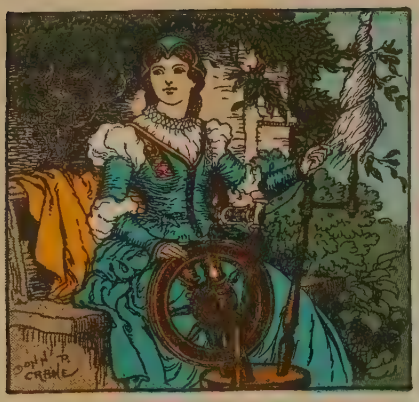
"Skeleton! Vile Scarecrow! Dost not know thy master?"

As he spoke, she recognized him for the devil, and crying in a master's voice, he bade her brew a magic potion for his friend. With gestures wild and weird, she drew a ring upon the ground and summoned Faust to come inside. Then, calling to the apes, she placed a book upon the back of one and read a charm from out its pages, while the others held the torches. As she read, the glasses rang, the cauldron sang, and Faust received a magic liquid from which rose a little flame the moment that he put it to his lips.

Now young again, he walked the streets with all the swagger of a youth, and soon he met a pretty lass, sweet Gretchen, soft of cheek and red of lip. He loved her in a moment and must have her for his own. 'Twas Gretchen in the garden, Gretchen at her spinning wheel, Gretchen at a neighbor's house. They loved each other dearly. Ah, but Mephistopheles knew well that warm and tender love must ever be an enemy to the devil. He feared lest real unselfish love within the breast of Faust should save the man and wrest him from his power. And so he planned to carry him away and fill his mind with foolish pleasures till he quite forgot the girl. But this he did not do, alas! till he had wrought sore havoc for pretty little Gretchen—slain her brother in a quarrel, tempted her to give a sleeping potion to her mother by means of which the woman died, and so left Gretchen in misery and alone.

Weeks passed for Faust in foolish pleasures. Gretchen he forgot. Then came the last of April and Walpurga's Night, the Witches' Fête, when all the witches gather on the Brocken, a rocky barren mountain peak. To that mad spot came Faust and Mephistopheles, as jaunty travellers abroad to see the sights.

The night was dark. A sad young moon gave only troubled light. With every step the wanderers ran sharp against a rock



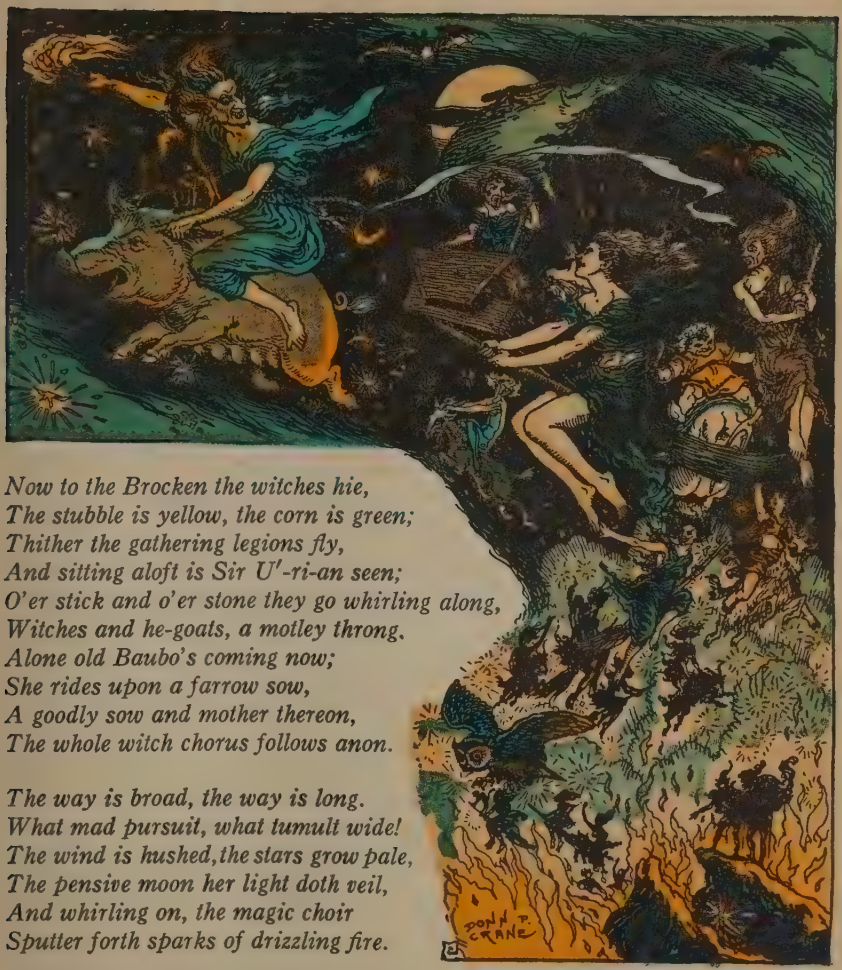
or tree. But soon they saw before them, gleaming eerily, now here, now there, upon the path, a dancing fire, a goblin Wisp. The devil called the little fellow, bidding him to light them on their way.

Trees on trees flew by and cliffs on cliffs. The rocks long-snouted, row on row, how they snorted and how they blew! The hill was magic mad. Tu-whit, Tu-whoo,—the owls! From bushes, salamanders peered like eyes of fire, the roots of trees seemed writhing snakes to coil and seize. Through moss and heath ran swarms of many-colored mice; fireflies, like wild things, danced above; the goblin Wisps increased and puffed their pale unearthly flames; rocks and trees made faces, and all things whirled and flew.

"Grasp tight my doublet," cried Mephistopheles to Faust. "At last we've reached the central peak."

Through all the chasms gleamed a strange and lurid light, pervading with its beams the gorges of the gulf below. Here vapors rose, there clouds went floating by. Now, like a fountain, light burst forth on high and scattered down a shower of golden sparks. Then all around the rocky walls blazed forth.

"Doth not the devil light his palace grandly for his fête?" cried Mephistopheles. "Thou'rt lucky to have seen the sight. Cling to those rocks, my friend, lest you be hurled down into some abyss. The murky vapors thicken. The storm blasts howl and roar. The owlets fly in wild affright. Trees are splintered, roots upriven. One crashing ruin overwhelms them all. Hark, along the mountain streams a raving magic song."



Now to the Brocken the witches hie,
The stubble is yellow, the corn is green;
Thither the gathering legions fly,
And sitting aloft is Sir U'-ri-an seen;
O'er stick and o'er stone they go whirling along,
Witches and he-goats, a motley throng.
Alone old Baubo's coming now;
She rides upon a farrow sow,
A goodly sow and mother thereon,
The whole witch chorus follows anon.

The way is broad, the way is long.
What mad pursuit, what tumult wide!
The wind is hushed, the stars grow pale,
The pensive moon her light doth veil,
And whirling on, the magic choir
Sputter forth sparks of drizzling fire.

"Stay, stay," called a voice from below. "Pray, take me with you. Three centuries I've tried in vain to climb this height. I hobble after many a day. Already the others are far away!"

But the witches replied:

"Broom and pitchfork, goat and prong,
Mounted on these we whirl along.
Who vainly strives to climb tonight
Is evermore a luckless wight."

Rounding the topmost peak, they appeared and let themselves down to earth, to cover all the heath with their mad swarm of witchery.

They crowd and jostle, whirl and flutter; they whisper, babble, twirl and splutter; they glimmer, sparkle, stink and flare, a true witch-element! Beware!

"Stick close," cried Mephistopheles, "or we'll be parted."

A hideous din of instruments snarling rent the air. In a circle round about, a hundred fires arose, with dancing, chattering, cooking, drinking round the glimmering coals. From fire to fire the devil led his friend in search of entertainment, till at last they spied a witch who wore a look of beauty and of youth. With this alluring dame Faust fell to dancing madly till there crawled a red mouse from her lips. Then, bah! he found her loathsome and danced with her no more. And as he went away alone, he seemed to see a maiden sad, forlorn, apart from all the crowd. Who was it? Was it Gretchen? He thought of her again, his Gretchen. Vainly now the devil told him that the form he saw was but a phantom, for the heart of Faust had wakened up to memory and was filled with thoughts of Gretchen only. What had become of her? In some strange way he knew. Mother and brother dead, deserted by her lover, she had wandered here and there forlorn, so sunk in misery that she had grown half-crazed and lay now on a bed of straw, like any common criminal in prison.

"Hound! Monster!" cried Faust to Mephistopheles, beside himself with grief. "You left her thus to die without my help and lulled me all the while with tasteless dissipations. Take me to her and save her or woe be unto you."

On magic coal-black steeds they mounted to the air and rushed along. The devil put the jailor at the prison to sleep, Faust took

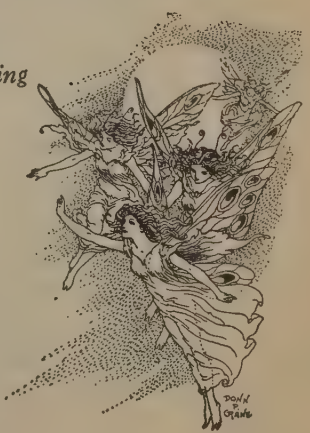
the keys and entered in to Gretchen. How she was changed, that pretty little Gretchen. Her thoughts ran here and there, a crazy round. She scarcely knew her lover, nor would she follow him although the door was open wide and freedom just beyond. She had committed sins for him. She had deceived her mother and committed sin on sin. Until the morning dawned Faust lingered choked with grief to see the ruin he had wrought and urging her to flee. She would not go. And then came Mephistopheles in search of Faust. At sight of him whom all her soul abhorred, poor Gretchen called on God: "Father, I'm thine! Deliver me!"

There came a host of angels to set the soul of Gretchen free, but, as before, the devil flew away with Faust.

*On a flowery meadow high up in the Alps, the weary Faust sought sleep, his heart sore rent with keen remorse and rankling horror. The holy stars shone clearly in the sky, the moon reigned in full majesty, and moon and stars were mirrored in the lake below. Then came a group of tiny graceful forms to flit on airy wing around the sleeper's head and calm the tumult of his pain. Fairies of sleep they were and Ariel sang a magic lullaby.

*Part II begins here.

When in vernal showers descending
Blossoms gently veil the earth,
When the field's green wealth uptending
Gleams on all of mortal birth;
Tiny elves where help availeth,
Large of heart there fly apace;
Pity they whom grief assaileth,
Be he holy, be he base.
Now the hours are cancelled; sorrow,
Happiness have passed away,
Whole thou shalt be on the morrow,
Feel it! Trust the new-born day!
Gird thee for the high endeavor,
Shun the crowd's ignoble ease!
Fails the noble spirit never,
Wise to think and prompt to seize.



As he sang, the east was dyed with splendor that proclaimed the rising of the sun. Thereat the elves took flight and crept away to hide in blossoms for the day.

Faust awoke. Before him lay the world in glimmering dawn. The woods resounded with a thousand voices. Mist wreaths shrouded all the valley; earth showed itself enameled with unnumbered dyes; on flower and leaflet hung the dewdrop pearls. And now the snowy mountain peaks caught the clear radiance of the new-born day. In blinding rays it blazed, and where the cataract went roaring down from fall to fall with showers of cooling spray, there glanced the rainbow's many-colored arch. With solemn joy, Faust drank in all the glories of that sight. A high resolve awoke within his heart. He would press on to being's very height.

But Mephistopheles had other lures in store. He had not satisfied the man with pleasures in the little world of common men. Then he would take him to the great world of the Emperor's court.

It was Shrove Tuesday when the two arrived at court, a gala day with preparations for a masquerade afoot. The palace was bedecked to represent a rustic scene at noon. Thither came a host of jolly Punchinellos, fishermen, woodcutters, gardeners and ladies dressed as flower girls from Florence with baskets full of blossoms on their heads. And after these there came an elephant with Prudence on her neck as driver and Victory on her back, a woman radiant with broad white wings. On either side of her walked Hope and Fear in chains. But these had scarce appeared when Mephistopheles began his tricks. He conjured up a hideous dwarf with two great heads. The monster pressed up close to Lady Victory and mocked at her so that the herald whose duty was to keep the peace, struck at the fellow with his staff. Thereat one head became a crawling snake which wriggled off in dust, the other showed itself a bat and flew away. Great consternation seized the crowd at such a sight but wonders did not cease. Above

their heads appeared a magic chariot drawn by four great dragons; beside the charioteer rode Faust as Pluto, god of Wealth, and Mephistopheles, a living skeleton, upon a box of treasure.

The charioteer began to snap his fingers and there came a glance and glitter all about the car. Bright jewels appeared to fall on every side—gold spangles, earrings, necklaces and crowns. The crowd pressed forward eagerly to grasp the treasure. Ah, but look!—what one clutched frantically took wings and flew away, a worthless butterfly. A chain of pearls dissolved and turned to crawling beetles in a courtier's hand, and as the foolish fellow cast them from him lo, they buzzed and hummed about his head!

Amid such tricks as these, the chariot came to earth. Then Faust alighted while the dragons lifted down the chest.

And now, with song and music, came the vanguard of the Emperor,—young fauns with broad and merry faces, pointed ears, snub noses and oak leaves on their heads; satyrs having feet like goats and hairy legs, all dancing two and two; a crowd of little gnomes with miner's lamps and mossy garments, tripping helter skelter; after them a bodyguard of wild-men, giants from the mountains with leafy aprons and pine tree trunks for clubs. Lastly, came the Emperor himself, a careless, pleasure-loving youth, as Pan, the monarch of the woods.

No sooner had the gnomes begun to pry about than they espied a glowing vein of gold that flowed from out the devil's magic chest; and off they ran to fetch the Emperor and show the stream to him. He needed gold, the Emperor, for matters in his kingdom were all topsy-turvy through mismanagement, his people grumbled and the wisemen said that naught but gold could straighten out affairs. And so he went full willingly to see the magic stream.

And now the gold became a shining fountain, seething forth from the abyss and scattering showers of pearls like foam, to sink again and leave a cavern darkly yawning. The Emperor leaned down to see the source whence this rich stream had come. Alas, his beard fell in and bursting into flames flew back again to set his garments all on fire. His people rushed to help him, but the flames appeared on all, a burst of fire that spared no corner of the hall. Loud cries of woe arose, then all at once a magic mist appeared and quenched the flames.

Such wizardry! The Emperor delighted in it all. Next day he

gave the devil and his friend a place at court. Aye, let them stay and entertain the crowd. Since power like this was theirs, pray let them, for amusement, conjure up that loveliest of women, from the ancient land of Greece, fair Helena of Troy. In answer to the Emperor's command, it came about that Faust and Mephistopheles made bold to summon from a magic tripod's smoke, the shades of Helena and Paris, cloud-like forms that moved in rhythmic grace with strains of heavenly music. So lovely was this Helena that Faust quite lost his head for love of her, forgetting that she was a phantom only. Stretching forth his hand he sought to seize her, whereupon there came a loud explosion, both the phantoms vanished into air and Faust fell senseless to the earth.

Now Mephistopheles pretended not to know what ailed his friend and so he bore him, lifeless as he seemed, back to that old building where his one-time servitor, Herr Dr. Wagner labored still. The devil found the doctor with a great experiment in progress. Wagner had been trying to produce a human being by a mixture of the different chemicals, and now he felt success was just ahead. A moment more and he would have his man. The devil slyly added to his work a touch of magic, and in Wagner's bottle, lo, a manikin appeared, the small, transparent figure of a man, all luminous and glowing. Doctor Wagner was beside himself with joy. Behold what he had done!

At once Ho-mun'-cu-lus began to speak. He wished to break his glass like any chick prepared to break its shell and so commence

existence on the earth, but as he looked about he did not like the ugly spot where now he found himself. Herr Wagner's laboratory, ah, indeed, was that, a place where one would wish to live? Nay, rather, he would say farewell to Dr. Wagner. He would stay there in his little house of glass and travel all about the world, nor break his shell until he found the spot of greatest promise where he might with joy begin to live.

Homunculus was small but he was wise. He told the devil what was troubling Faust and how he might be cured. The man would not regain his senses till they took him to the classic land of Greece where he might hope to find his Helena again. A Greek Walpurga's Night would soon be held, he said, a gathering of classic ghosts in Thessaly on dread Pharsalia's Plain where Caesar fought with Pompey. To this spot Homunculus proposed that they should journey. Now the devil was not loth to make acquaintance with these classic witches and compare them with the northern hags of whom he was the master. So the two left Dr. Wagner and set out, the manikin within his shining little house of glass, flying through the air and gleaming like a meteor, the devil bearing Faust inside a magic mantle.

Pharsalia's Plain lay covered with a swarm of ghostly tents, as though the two great Roman armies bivouacked on the field.

Pale bluish watch-fires gleamed about, and everywhere the soil sent up a phosphorescent flame like blood. Here gathered every sort of classic ghost and monster, sibyls and Thessalian witches, sphinxes, griffins, centaurs.

No sooner had the devil laid his friend on classic ground and gone to entertain himself, than Faust regained his senses once again, all eagerness to seek for Helena. He wasted not a moment but set out at once to question where she might be found, and soon he met an aged sibyl who agreed to lead him down the path of shadows to the underworld where dwelt the shades of those who lived no more on earth.

Homunculus, meanwhile, his duty done in bringing Faust and Mephistopheles to classic ground, had started out to seek his fortunes by himself. Still in his house of glass he flew from place to place with but a single thought,—to find the proper spot for him to crack his shell and enter into mortal life. He met with more than one kind sir who offered him advice. A certain wiseman sought with weighty words to win him for a glorious career on land. "Ah, things on land change suddenly!" said he. "There growth is quick and violent and one may find himself a hero overnight!" Even as he spoke, the giant Earthquake, he who dwells within the center of the earth, pushed up his head to see the light of day; and as he hove his mighty shoulders through the ground, he cast a new volcanic mountain up. Hereon there dwelt a race of little Pgymies, over whom the wiseman wished to make Homunculus the King. Alack, no sooner did these Pygmies see

the light of day, than what must they begin to do? Prepare for war. Prepare to fight the Herons, raise the cry that they must take by force the Herons' lovely feathers, to adorn the Pygmy helmets. Pygmy elders held a council of debate and ordered weapons forged. Their little Generalissimo went bustling busily about. The war began and into it the Pygmies dragged the peaceful race of Ants and Dactyls, tiny metal workers no bigger than your thumb. It was a bloody fray, but soon the Cranes of Ibycus, the kinsmen of the Herons, flying high in air, beheld this wanton, unprovoked assault upon their friends. A cloud of Cranes descended to the earth to punish the offenders. Beak and claw they fought. Then, pray, of what avail were Pygmy shields and spears? The little men were put to flight, their army went to pieces, Ants and Dactyls ran away to hide, and in a moment more, a meteor descending from the sky, upturned the mountain, overwhelming all. Lo, where was now the little race that strove by violence? It was no more at all.

Homunculus was breathless with the haste. "With small men, one grows small," he said. "I will have none of such a world of sudden violent upheavals," and he turned away and sought the sea with all its beauties, its slow and ordered processes of peaceful growth and change. Before him stretched the blue Aegean, smiling, glistening in the sun. About, on all the cliffs, the sirens lay at ease, with Nereids and Tritons sporting in the waves. Homunculus was overjoyed with such a sight, so peaceful and so calm. And then arose from out the sea that nymph most lovely of them all, the Queen of Love and Beauty, Galatea, gliding over rippling waters in a chariot of tortoise shell with dolphins for her steeds. So beautiful was Galatea and so grateful was the sheer serenity of all that calm and peace, that here Homunculus was fired with one great overwhelming wish to live. His little house began to glow and grow with deep intensity of longing. In an ecstasy he dashed his shell against the car of Galatea till it broke, his flame

suffused the water and he swam about beginning life with joy where he might have the chance to grow through peaceful change, unto the stature of a man.

Now while all this was going forward, Faust was coming back from Hades with his Helena, a lovely shade. The devil conjured up a mediaeval castle and, amid a shadowy train of Trojan maidens, Faust and Helena disported them and lived a short love idyll. All the beauty of old Greece, its joys of poetry and art, came back to life for Faust in person of his Helena, yet even here, his warmly pulsing northern heart could find no lasting satisfaction. Helena, alas, was but a shade and not a living woman. They had a son, a buoyant bounding little fellow named Euphorion, the very spirit that is Poetry itself, as handsome as Apollo, and forever singing to his little golden lyre. One day in reckless vehemence he climbed a rocky height,—higher still and higher. Presently he saw afar a battle. Martial frenzy seized him. In his longing he would fly to reach the scene of glory. Thus he cast himself upon the air and crashing fell before his mother's eyes. The spell that held fair Helena to earth was broken then. She followed her beloved son back to the underworld and in the fond embrace of Faust was nothing left except her dress and veil.

Thus Faust must know a deep, heart-breaking sorrow once again; but Helena did not depart without bequeathing unto him the old Greek spirit of heroic enterprise. The thing for him was action. Ah, he saw it now. He would go back to Germany and build great dykes, reclaiming from the sea a huge low-lying tract of swamp land that he knew. To get a title to this land was easy, for the Emperor, through issuance of worthless paper money had involved himself in war, from which the devil's magic saved him, and in gratitude he gave the swamp to Faust.

And now the clouded thoughts of Faust grew clear. To do and plan, to drain the swamp and make a home for happy burghers, thousands of them who should dwell forever free and peaceful in

the state that he would found, their happiness secure in industry and not in idleness. It was a glorious vision and it thrilled him through and through. Never had he sought before to use his mighty powers of mind in action for the good of others. Here was joy he had not dreamed of. Seeking pleasure for himself had brought no satisfaction, neither in the small world nor the Emperor's court, nor through the tricks of magic. Even all the arts and poetry of ancient Greece were lovely phantoms that could never satisfy the deepest longings of the heart. But he whose days are all activity with real purpose for the good of men finds life to be no riddle. He has never need to stretch and strain to reach the stars. Each day the knowledge that he needs he finds within his reach and so he journeys toward his final goal, the height of perfect being, slow perhaps and like Homunculus, by gradual and ordered steps, but conscious of his unity with all that lives and never more bound down by any sense of limitation in his human lot. In dreams of what he meant to do for all those happy burghers, Faust cried out with joy:

"Could this be realized, then I might say, 'This moment is so fair, I would that it might last forever'."

Even as he spoke he fell prone to the ground. His earthly life was over. Then the devil said, "His soul is mine. In this last moment he was satisfied." Therewith, he summoned hosts of devils bidding them to bear the soul to Hell. But ah, the joy that Faust had felt at thought of bringing happiness to others was not of the devil's giving. It was not to Mephistopheles that he belonged, and so there came to rescue him a choir of angels singing songs and ever scattering roses. Up and up they bore him from the devil's very grasp, and to the Holy Mountain.

There, amid a throng of sacred forms, appeared sweet Gretchen, purified of all her sins, embodiment of holy and redeeming love, to lead him ever upward where he, too, should cleanse himself of false desires and find the light of everlasting joy, at one with God.

In the Days of Queen Anne

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719) SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729)

IN days when Queen Anne sat on the throne of England, Dick Steele, his eyes agleam with the light of Irish vivacity, walked the streets of London and found them paths of adventure. He dodged among gilded hackney coaches and fashionable sedan chairs, elbowing his way among porters bent under heavy loads. He escaped the persuasive arts of apprentices and shopkeepers standing in their doorways beneath the sign of the blue boar, the black swan, the red lion, or the hog in armor. He avoided a quarrel with a dandy who wished to walk on the inside nearest the wall to save his fine clothes from the flood of water pouring from a water spout into the gutter.

What a stream of people went by, rich men, poor men, beggar men, thieves, the big town bully and the sauntering fop. Look at him with his cane, his powdered wig, his cocked hat, his em-

broidered coat, his lace ruffles, his knee breeches, his high-heeled shoes with silver buckles and his diamond hilted sword. If the weather were only cold he would complete his costume with a precious little muff. And there goes milady in a fine sedan chair borne by a couple of servants. Now she descends in her scarlet cloak with a monkey under her arm and condescends to mince down the street in order to see the fashions. Her skirts are enormously full, her heels are enormously high, her hair is powdered and she has set off the whiteness of her skin with little black patches of velvet, cut into moons and stars.

Dick Steele knew the whims of milady well. If the weather was gloomy she would stay at home and have the "vapors," be moody and irritable, and when crossed in her desires, she might, if she were fashionable enough, weep and grow hysterical or possibly manage to faint. She did nothing that was useful, this pretty lady of fashion, nor did she indulge in any exercise more strenuous than dancing, gliding through the mysteries of the masked ball, the minuet or the country dance.

But Dick Steele saw all these artificialities with a kindly eye. He was a lovable fellow, warm-hearted, simple, loyal. His own wife, Prue, was a petulant little piece, yet he always managed to be gallant to her, patient, tender and witty. He was off now to the coffee house to meet his friend, Joseph Addison. A coffee or chocolate house in those days was the proper place, indeed, for one to be meeting one's friends. Your man of fashion arose at nine and frequented some great man's levee, but at twelve he must go to his coffee house, there to find gathered together mid a brilliant flow of conversation, all the wits, gallants, politicians, poets and essayists of the age. Perhaps he would see the grave old satirist, Jonathan Swift, he who wrote *Gulliver's Travels*, stalking up and down, glum and silent between the tables, or he might happen on the little poet, Alexander Pope; or, better still, as he laid his penny of admission down on the bar, he might rub

shoulders with the highwayman, who, carefully masked, had robbed him the night before as he rode into London.

At Button's coffee house Addison was speedily becoming the central attraction. So charming was his conversation, so sweet his temper, so delicate his humor, so graceful the simplicity of his language that he was accounted the leader among the wits and writers of the day. Steele and Addison were the warmest friends. They had been so from their school days at Charter House, when Addison, the son of the Dean of Lichfield, gentle and kindly but rather reserved, met the impetuous little Dick Steele, an orphan from Ireland. They had been in Oxford together, too, till Steele went off to the wars in France. When he left off soldiering, Steele had started a paper called *The Tatler*, to which Addison, then secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, frequently offered articles; but in 1711 the two began to publish a famous daily journal called *The Spectator*.

Until nine years before, daily papers had been unknown in London. For news people still depended on the coffee house, on queer little weeklies and what was called the news-letter, a journal written out by the editor with his own pen and copied by hand by his clerks. Half even of this sheet was left blank that the purchaser might add to it his own private correspondence before he mailed it to friends in the country. On account of laws still restricting what might be said in papers, news in the weeklies was meager and mixed with contemptible gossip, always written with a great air of mystification, stars and asterisks often being inserted in place of the names of people. *The Spectator*, which proved to be the great, great grandfather of all the daily papers, reported no news and aimed never to discuss politics. In reality it was a daily essay or sketch to be read by men and women of fashion over their morning chocolate.

Addison and Steele had plenty to talk about as they sipped their coffee. They had set themselves to civilize a lot of barbarians

who already considered themselves the most civilized of men. For people whose sole concern had been oaths, coquetry, duelling or the latest affectation in dress, they meant to set up simple and wholesome ideals of life and to make these standards popular. In their paper they commented with a fine sense of humor but always with a kindliness that left no sting behind, on the little things of daily life. They jested at extravagances, made vanity ridiculous and held meanness up to contempt. Old Sir Roger de Coverly was often their mouthpiece. He was an interesting character they had created, a country squire, whose doings ran through many of their papers.

In general, country squires of that time were roisterous fellows. They lived surrounded by hounds, horses, pipes and beer, devoted chiefly to hunting, cock-fighting, smoking, drinking and lording it over their fellows. Occasionally they met at some central bowling green to bowl, dance, dine, or discuss the latest news, but they seldom ventured over the rutty roads in the springless coaches of the time so far away as London. Sir Roger, however, was a simple, kindly old fellow, who commented wisely on the foibles of his time. He, together with certain other worthies, Sir Andrew Freeport, the merchant, and Will Honeycomb, the gallant, was supposed to belong to a club, one member of which was the Spectator who was editor of the paper.

There was certainly enough that needed correcting in the London of Queen Anne. At night the tin vessels that served for lamps diffused so little light that every man with an honest errand engaged a torch-bearer to light him on his way. Watchmen cried the hours of the night and the state of the weather, but they had no wit to serve one in time of danger. The greatest fear after dark came not from ordinary criminals, though these were common enough, but from bands of aristocratic young rowdies with too little to do and too much money to spend, as it came to them easily from great landed estates in the country. The most noto-

rious of these bands was called the Mohocks. They would seize some peaceable citizen, roll him about in a barrel, tattoo his face or, imitating the fox hunt, chase him till they had him at their mercy, then keep him dancing with pricks of their swords.

The editors of *The Spectator* were concerned with all these abuses and likewise with the stage. How earnestly they tried to write better dramas, for the coarsest, most vulgar plays were then regarded as entertaining. In the evening people went to the Opera, to Spring Gardens at Vauxhall, an amusement park on the Thames where nightingales and roses were mingled with boiled lobster. They went to see Powell, the inventor of Punch and Judy, exhibit his puppet show at Covent Garden, but the theatre still remained the favorite place of meeting. There at six o'clock the fashionable world gathered to see and to be seen.

Addison and Steele continued *The Spectator* for over a year. Thereafter, history shows Steele twice in Parliament and Addison with a large estate in Warwickshire and married to Lady Warwick. Toward the close of Addison's life a sorry quarrel separated him from Steele, a pathetic page with which to end the story of their friendship, but *The Spectator Papers* remain a perpetual monument to their efforts and a graphic picture of life in the bygone days of Queen Anne.

Old Noll

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (*Irish*, 1728-1774)

Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll!

POOR little Doctor Goldsmith, with his kindly eyes, his squat little figure, his awkward, ungainly legs, his halting tongue, and that absurd love of fine clothes! How everybody laughed at him, though sometimes with tears, and how they all loved him. Now, if his fortunes were poor, his coat was bought second hand, a tarnished green and gold with an ugly patch on the breast, but he strutted along quite proudly and carefully hid the patch by holding his hat well over it; now, when his fortunes were fine, he blossomed out in peach-color, claret, sky-blue! And yet, in spite of his vanity and a thousand other weaknesses, what a great, generous, loving heart! Who could do other than love him?

He had always a crowd of children at his heels, had little Doctor Goldsmith. His favorite enjoyment was to romp with them, the merriest and noisiest of all. Sometimes he played them a tune on his flute, sang them an Irish song, or told them stories of Irish fairies. Again, he led them at blindman's buff, or a game of hunt-the-slipper. And if the children were very small, he would turn his wig hindside before and play ridiculous tricks to amuse them.

Once when he was drinking coffee with a friend, he took the friend's little five-year old son up tenderly on his knee. Moved by some perverse instinct, what did the tiny George Coleman do, but slap him on the face, a spiteful rap that left a tingling red mark. The father indignantly took his small son and locked him up alone to suffer for his crime by solitary imprisonment in the dark. But soon, very soon, there was some one come to the little fellow's rescue, some one holding a candle and smiling tenderly.

It was Dr. Goldsmith himself. Georgie sulked and sobbed at first, but Goldsmith fondled and soothed him until he began to brighten. Then the little Doctor placed three hats on the carpet with a shilling under each. "Hey, presto, cockolorum!" he cried. And lo! when he lifted the hats, all three of the shillings were found in a heap under one! George Coleman's heart was won!

It was way back in the lonely hamlet of Pallas, in Ireland, that Oliver Goldsmith was born, in a little old house that the peasant folk said stood on haunted ground, where "the good folk," the fairies, held their nightly revels. But when little Noll was still very young, his father moved to a better home on the outskirts of Lissoy. This home was part parsonage and part farm; for Father Goldsmith was a country curate, large of heart and small of means, and as guileless and ignorant of the world as the dear old Vicar of Wakefield. Lissoy was a charming village, with sheltered little white cottages and cultivated farms.

At the age of six little Noll was sent to the village schoolmaster, Thomas Byrne, and what a man he was! He had served in the Spanish wars, and now, when he should have been teaching the village urchins their sums, he held them spellbound with tales of his vagabond wanderings abroad, adventures of which he, himself, was usually the hero. To this he added tales of fairies, ghosts and banshees, pirates, robbers, smugglers. Indeed, little Noll imbibed in his youth far more of romance than of learning. When he grew older he was sent to a higher school at Edgeworthstown, some twenty miles from Lissoy, and on his last journey home from there, a mere stripling of sixteen, he met with a most absurd adventure.

Little used to money was Oliver Goldsmith, and now a friend had given him a whole round golden guinea to cover his traveling expenses. Noll's head was quite turned by his riches! Off he started on horseback over a road so rough as to be impassable to coaches, determined to play the man and spend his treasure in lavish fashion. For the night he halted at Ardagh, and, intending

to ask the whereabouts of the inn, he accosted the very first person he met, demanding with swaggering importance to know where was "the best house in the village." Now it chanced that the man whom he thus encountered was a famous wag and, amused by the stripling's importance, he directed him literally to "the best house in the village," the family mansion of one Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of great fortune. With all the airs in the world, up rides young Noll to the house, which he thinks is an inn, and orders his horse to be led away to the stable! He then walks into the parlor, seats himself by the fire and curtly demands to know what he can have for supper! The owner of the place, seeing the lad's whimsical mistake, and learning by chance, that he was the son of an old friend, determined to carry out the joke. So young Goldsmith was fooled to the top of his bent and permitted to have full sway all the evening. Usually Noll was shy and diffident of manner, but thinking himself now among inferiors, he grew very free and easy, showing off and making out that he was a most experienced traveller. When supper was served he condescendingly insisted that the landlord, his wife and daughter should sit at the table and partake of the meal with him, and when he went to bed, as a last flourish of manliness, he gave special orders that a hot cake should be ready for his breakfast. Imagine his dismay next day when he learned he had swaggered thus in the house of a private gentleman! Years later he turned this ludicrous blunder into the play "*She Stoops to Conquer or The Mistakes of a Night*," which set all London laughing.

But Goldsmith's school life, henceforth, was far from happy. He was ugly, awkward and poor, and, moreover, little given to

learning. In Trinity College, Dublin, he had to earn his way by holding the position of a servant, and tutors and boys seemed in league together to jeer at and torment him.

Time and again he failed, failed, failed. He was to have entered the ministry, but he appeared before the Bishop to seek his appointment in such loud scarlet breeches that the Bishop was scandalized and sent him packing. He failed at the law; he failed as a student of medicine. So at last he took his flute and off he went alone for a walking tour through Flanders, France and Switzerland. As he journeyed he played on his flute and wherever he went his tunes earned for him his supper and a bed.

After wandering through Italy, likewise, Nolly returned to England with no friends and no calling. At length he took a garret in a dark, miserable, little back court that could only be reached by a steep flight of narrow flagstone stairs, called Breakneck Steps. Here washings hung out all day and frowsy women quarreled over the washtubs, but for the first time in his life Goldsmith set earnestly to work. He began to write, to drudge at writing, doing whatever the booksellers ordered. Now these were the days when hustling little John Newbery kept his far-famed shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, where the first real children's books were displayed, bound in gilt paper and adorned with queer, old, hideous wood-cuts. Goldsmith did a great deal of work for Newbery, probably editing the first *Mother Goose* and writing the famous tale of *Goody Two-Shoes*.

But even in such dark days Goldsmith was never bitter. He was always inviting his landlady or some poor child into his rooms to cheer them with a cake or a sweetmeat and to play for them on his flute. Moreover, all his life long he believed with childlike simplicity anything that was told him, and many a tale of woe, either true or untrue, wrung from him his last penny. Sometimes, too, with that curious unworldliness that kept him from ever truly understanding money, he gave away things he did not possess. Once his landlady came to him with a sorry tale of her husband cast into the debtor's prison for desperate need of money. Moved to the heart, Goldsmith sold a new suit of clothes which he had not paid for, in order to give her the money. He was then called a knave and a sharper by those who had sold him the suit, and nearly went to the debtor's prison himself trying to pay for what he no longer possessed.

Slowly, slowly, however, his writings began to be noticed. Ah, now he commenced to make worthy friends! At length the great Dr. Samuel Johnson himself, the most famous literary light of the day, became his friend. In 1764 he was one of a group of most remarkable men who formed a club that met regularly, to talk over their coffee cups, at the Turk's Head Tavern. There was the big, burly Doctor Johnson, so important and high-and-mighty, and there, always tagging after him was his humble little toadie, James Boswell, forever delighting in being snubbed by the great Dr. Johnson. There was Edmund Burke, the brilliant Irish orator, to be known in the days of the American Revolution for his eloquent speech in Parliament on *Conciliation With the Colonies*, and there was the famous portrait painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds. The actor David Garrick, was likewise a friend of the group. All these great men loved their "Nolly," though they often made merciless fun of him.

One day word came to Dr. Johnson that Goldsmith was in great distress and besought him to come to his lodgings at once.

Off went Dr. Johnson to find that Goldsmith's landlady had had him arrested for failure to pay his rent and a sheriff's officer had him in custody. Goldsmith told Johnson, however, that he had the manuscript of a novel ready for print, but could not go out to sell it because of the officer. Johnson glanced hastily over the manuscript, saw that it had merit, and went out and sold it for sixty pounds ($300). That manuscript was the famous story, *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

Soon after this, Goldsmith's poem, *The Traveller,* appeared, and it was at once pronounced so fine that his friends at the Turk's Head could scarcely believe he had written it. Now, at last, Goldsmith began to prosper and to earn a great deal of money. But alas! funny little man that he was, he would still continue to make such ridiculous blunders. The Duke of Northumberland sent for him to congratulate him on *The Traveller.* Dressed in his best, Goldsmith sallied forth to Northumberland House, preparing on the way a lot of studied compliments to recite to his noble patron. After he had waited some time in Northumberland House a very grand personage appeared, most elegantly dressed. Taking him for the Duke, "Goldy" delivered unto him all the fine compliments he had prepared. To his great astonishment the gorgeously dressed individual informed him that he was only a servant, and his master would presently appear! As the Duke came in just then, he found Goldsmith so confused that, far from repeating his compliments, he could scarcely stutter a word.

During his latter days Goldsmith became famous and had such delightful friends as the Hornecks, a widow and two lovely daughters, one of whom, Miss Mary, he called affectionately, the Jessamy Bride. But in spite of his fame, he never learned how to manage money, and throughout his life he remained the same simple, kind-hearted gentleman whose friends, though they smiled at his blunders, always loved him so dearly.

The Royal Page

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (*English* 1340-1400)

IN DAYS when all the fire of chivalry still burned in knightly breasts, there dwelt at the court of Edward III a young page named Geoffrey Chaucer. Clad in red and black breeches, with a short cloak and elegant shoes, he attended upon his mistress, the wife of Prince Lionel, Edward's son, at many a gay festivity. Much he learned there of the ways of gentles, and many a time he sat in some tapestried chamber, amid embroidered lords and ladies, while someone read a graceful poem in French of the style then fashionable at court. Ere long, young Geoffrey, himself, began to write poems with all the sweet la-de-da's of the French.

When he was barely nineteen, Geoffrey was off over seas with the King to fight the wars in France. Right nobly he bore himself there, till the days of the English retreat, and then he was

taken a captive. For months he languished in prison, but King Edward held him so dear that at last he paid his ransom. Thereafter, behold Geoffrey in the King's own household and risen to be a squire with an annual salary and a gift of a suit of clothes each Christmas-tide. Soon, too, there were wedding bells and Geoffrey was off to church with a fair young bride, Philippa, a lady in waiting to the Queen.

A man of kindly and gentle humor and great courtliness was Chaucer, and as the years went by, his royal master sent him on more than one important mission to foreign parts, now to Genoa, now on a very secret affair to Flanders, and now to France. What a deal of the world Geoffrey Chaucer saw on his travels, and how he was touched with the warm-glowing charm of Italy! Thenceforth, the poems he wrote were no more after the graceful and tender, but slight and shallow manner of the French. He could now be satisfied only by the rich life and color of Italy's powerful writers, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio.

When Chaucer was at home he devoted himself to business. Aye, he was not only a courtier, a poet, a soldier and diplomat; he was Comptroller of Customs at the Port of London as well, and he spent his days at the wharves. There he must watch the trade in wools, in hides and skins, and with his very own hands he must make a record of the same. On the wharves he made acquaintance with stevedores and sea-going men and saw human

nature of quite a different sort from that he had known at court.

So passed his days in the reigns of three different kings, Edward III, Richard II and Henry IV. Now he must erect a scaffold at Smithfield whence the King and Queen might view the jousts; again he was off on the weightier task of arranging a marriage for his King. The height of his success came in 1386 when he sat in Parliament in all his glory as a Knight of the Shire from Kent. Thereafter, he lost all his friends at court. His offices were taken from him and he was obliged henceforth to live with a purse exceedingly lean and slender.

But now what new life for his poetry! At last he wrote no more after the French or Italian fashion, but developed a full, rich English style of his own. Heretofore, French had been the language of the court,—bah, English was rude and vulgar! But Chaucer was the first great poet to make the homely English tongue the language of a new and splendid literature. His greatest work was **Canterbury Tales*, a rich and colorful picture of Old England in those stirring Middle Ages. There they wend their way along the white and dusty Kentish road, that company of pilgrims on their horses, journeying to the shrine at Canterbury. From every walk of life they come,—knight, squire, monk and miller, doctor, merchant, meanest churl; and as they journey they tell their precious tales, now one all courtliness of phrase, now one overflowing with the broad and coarser humor of the churl; and, throughout them all, such vivacity of movement, such tender play of feeling, such rich and merry humor, and such delight in nature, in all the "smale foweles" that "maken melodye," the wood-dove and the throstle, in sunshine and soft breezes, in April's fresh, sweet showers. The greatest poet of his period was Geoffrey Chaucer, and when he died he was the first of England's poets to be buried in Westminster Abbey, now sacred to the memory of the greatest of her great.

*CHAUCER STORY BOOK *by Eva March Tappan:* STORY OF THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS *by F. J. H. Darton*

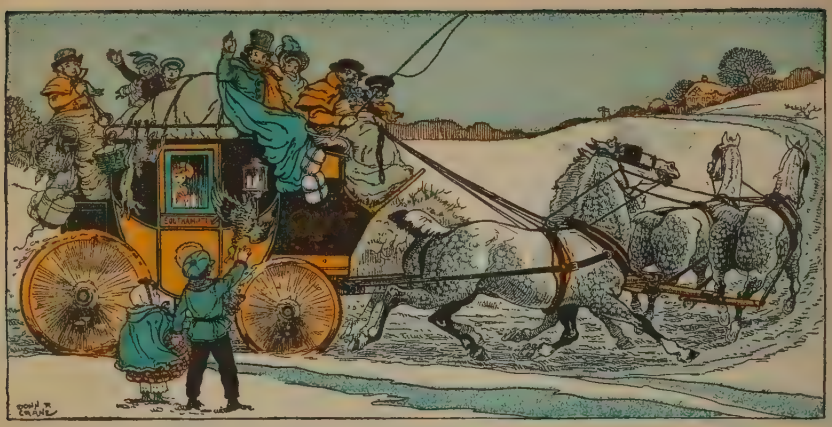
The Little Girl of Griff House

MARY ANN EVANS (GEORGE ELIOT) (*English*, 1819-1880)

ON A bright, frosty morning in old England's picturesque stage-coach days, a little girl and her brother stood before the gate of Griff House, just at the bend of the highroad, waiting eagerly for His Majesty's mail coach to go dashing by. And now they hear the far-off, ringing beat of the horses' hoofs on the ground. Ah! there the great coach comes flashing into view with its four gallant greys at full speed—coachman and guard aloft in scarlet, outside passengers muffled in furs, and baskets and bulky packages dangling merrily at the rear.

That coach was the chief connecting link between Griff and the outside world, and little Mary Ann Evans and her brother, Isaac, watched for it every day; for Griff was a country place in the Midland section of England and far enough from the world it seemed in those days of no railways, no penny post, and no telegraph. Mary Ann's father managed the Arbury estate for its owner, and their home was a charming, red brick, ivy-covered house in the midst of Arbury's pleasant lands. Here, day in and day out, the little brother and sister played. Mary Ann was always at her brother's heels, doing whatever he did. They raced about the old-fashioned garden; they fished in the pond and canal. They peered into the farm offices, the long cow-shed and the broad-shouldered barn; they watched their energetic mother churning the butter and cheese.

An affectionate and impulsive little Maggie Tulliver was Mary Ann, but proud and sensitive to the highest degree, moved easily to either smiles or tears. Moreover, she was too jealously fond of her brother. Her jealous love was painful enough to hurt. She wanted him to love her more than anyone else in the world, and when he was given a pony to which he grew so attached that he



cared but little to play with her, the child was broken-hearted.

Mary Ann had, also, an older sister, Christiana, or "Chrissy," who was always as neat and tidy as Mary Ann was frowsy-haired and wild. Chrissy, because of her neatness, was a great favorite with her three worthy aunts, Mrs. Evans' sisters, who were very like Maggie Tulliver's aunts, the highly superior Dodsons. With these aunts Chrissy used to spend a great deal of time, so that Mary Ann and Isaac were left much alone together. And then came that sorrowful day when the two must be separated, he to go to a boys' school, and she to a girls'. How she looked forward then to the coming of the holidays and how anxious she was when Isaac came home to know all that he had been doing and learning since they parted!

In those days, if one had looked into the Griff dining room on a Saturday night after tea, he would have seen a pretty sight. There in the deep, leather-covered armchair at the right of the ruddy fire-place sits the father, powerful and middle-aged, with strongly-marked features. Between his knees crouches Mary Ann, and he is explaining to her a pretty book of pictures. Her features are strong like her father's, and her rebellious hair is all in her

eyes, much to the sorrow of her mother, who sits busily knitting on the opposite side of the fire. Near the mother, all prim and tidy, is the older sister with her work, and between the two groups is the boy, who keeps assuring himself by perpetual search that none of his favorite means of amusement is escaping from his pockets!

Mr. Evans was already very proud of the astonishing intelligence of his little girl. Now, when she came home for the holidays, she and Isaac would devise and act out charades before their aunts and the Griff household, and these were so cleverly done that even the highly superior aunts had to admit their niece of the rebellious hair to be a person of real ability.

From a very early age Mary Ann was accustomed to accompany her father on his drives through the neighborhood. Standing between his knees as he drove leisurely along, she drank in eager impressions of the country and its people. In the Warwickshire of those days they passed rapidly from one phase of English life to another. Now they drove through the countryside with green fields and hedge-rows stretching away as far as the eye could see, and all the people they met were farmers and countryfolk; now they passed a fine old park which shut in some noble mansion house and allowed just a glimpse of its treasure to shine here and there through the trees. Here, they caught sight of grey steeples, pricking the sky, and green and shady churchyards. There, they came on barren land all blackened with coal-pits, and looked down suddenly over a village dingy and dirty with coal dust. Soon they were clattering along on the pavement of a manufac-

turing town. Powerful men they saw here, grimy with coal dust and walking queerly with knees bent outward from long squatting in the mines. These men were going home to throw themselves down in their blackened flannels and sleep through the daylight. In the evening they would rise and spend a good share of their wages at the ale-houses with their fellows. Everywhere were poor cottages and dirty children, and over all could be heard the busy noise of the loom. From windows and doorways peered the pale, eager faces of the handloom weavers, both men and women, haggard with sitting up late at night to finish their toilsome labors. These people made a deep impression on Mary Ann. They had no right to vote, and had long been ground down by the tyranny of their masters. Such towns were often the scene of trades-union meetings and riots. Indeed, when Mary Ann was thirteen years old, she saw one of these riots in the town of Nuneaton. It was the year 1832, when the poorer people, for the very first time, had been given the right to vote for members of Parliament. So eager were they to elect their own candidate and keep out the representative of the wealthier classes, that they formed in a mob threatening and attacking those who wished to vote for their opponents. The magistrate had to call out the Scots Greys to quell the riot, but on the arrival of the soldiers the tumult increased until it assumed alarming proportions. The magistrates themselves were attacked and injured in the very

discharge of their duties. Several officers of the Scots Greys were wounded and two or three men, who were attempting to reach the polls, were dragged from the protecting files of soldiers, cruelly beaten and stripped naked. This unhappy outburst of hatred, caused by so many years of oppression, was never forgotten by Mary Ann.

An old-fashioned child she was, living in a world of her own imaginations, impressionable to her finger tips, thinking deeply already, and often at odds with the accepted beliefs of her time. She was full, too, of an eager love for all that was beautiful and longed in her inmost heart to achieve something great, though she often blackly despaired of ever doing anything.

When Mary Ann was sixteen years old her mother died, and soon after this her brother and sister married, so that she became, henceforth, housekeeper and sole companion to her dearly beloved father. As long as he lived she spent the greater part of her time with him in their remote country home. But when he died, she found her way, through the help of friends, out into the greater world. For years, now, she wrote and wrote, translations and articles; but it was not until she was a woman of middle age that she found the work which really made her famous. It was suggested to her then that she write a story, and what should she write about but that old Midland English life which she knew so well and with which she had sympathized so deeply? All at once she found that she could write of men and women so truly and sympathetically that here lay her real life work. Under the name of George Eliot she published a number of novels.

George Eliot was the first English novelist to find all the stirring comedy and tragedy of her books, not in outward events, but in the hearts and souls of men, their inward victories and defeats. And so the little girl of Griff House became England's greatest woman novelist.

London Streets

CHARLES DICKENS (*English*, 1812-1870)

IT WAS a crazy, tumble-down old building on the river, the blacking factory where Charles Dickens worked, and it was literally overrun with rats. Charles was only ten years old, shabbily dressed and underfed. He lived in a garret and he had a sausage and a slice of cold pudding for his dinner. Day after day he sat before a little table in the factory and covered pots of blacking with oiled paper, for which work he received the magnificent sum of six shillings a week. Poll Green and Bob Fagin, a rough boy in a ragged apron and paper cap were his companions.

Sometimes, before work began in the morning, Charles would sit on a flight of steps leading down to the Thames and tell stories to a quaint little cockney girl, a slavey who scrubbed floors and washed dishes all day long. Then the dingy warehouses that bordered the river would give way to castles of romance and knights and ladies would cross a bridge of splendor. But when the clock struck, play time was over. The boy went off to his pots of blacking, the girl to her scrubbing, and little did either dream that Charles would some day make that little slavey famous as the "Marchioness" in one of his stories.

Charles Dickens' father was a regular Mr. Micawber, always confidently expecting something to turn up, and always going steadily down in the world. Once he had been a clerk in a navy pay office. There had even been fortunate days when Charles could go to school and read *Robinson Crusoe* and *Don Quixote*. Then for weeks at a time he was not Charles Dickens at all, but one of his heroes. Armed with a broken rod from an old

pair of shoe-trees, he would be Captain Somebody-or-Other of the Royal British Navy and would purchase his life from savages at the cost of a fearful scrimmage. But alack! Mr. Dickens ran into debt and was thrown into a wretched debtors' prison called the Marshalsea. Mrs. Dickens made a forlorn attempt to open a small school and provide for her eight children, but soon the whole family followed the father, and Charles went to work in the factory.

The little fellow felt a bitter sense of neglect and wasted talents. Sometimes, full of fancies and secret ambitions, he would tramp for miles just to look at an elegant red brick house on Gad's Hill, to imagine that it was his and he lived there. After a few years Mr. Dickens inherited enough money to get him out of prison and send his son for a brief time to school. Nevertheless, it was little enough schooling the boy could get. In dark days of grinding toil he would wander, if he had the leisure, through the British Museum to learn what he could by himself.

By the time he was nineteen Charles had fitted himself to be a reporter and, sitting up in the gallery, he reported discussions in Parliament. When he was twenty-five *Pickwick Papers* made him famous. A novelist of the poor before all else was Charles Dickens. What a procession of characters he gives us from the London streets, ludicrous or grotesque, pathetic or lovable. Only those hard days in the blacking factory could have taught him to know these types so well, and his appeal to the hearts of men brought about more than one reform in England in the courts, in the schools, and in wretched debtors' prisons. So at last the little boy was able to buy for his own the elegant house on Gad's Hill.

A Lady and Her Knight

ELIZABETH BARRETT (1806-1861) *and*
ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

IN a picturesque and lovely home in the Malvern Hills, near Wales, there lived once with ten lively brothers and sisters, a little girl named Elizabeth Barrett. The country round about that fine old place was wonderfully green and beautiful:

Dimpled close with hill and valley,
Dappled very close with shade;
Summer snow of apple blossoms
Running up from glade to glade.

And the little girl drank in the loveliness of it all as she raced and chased and romped with her brothers and sisters. On rainy days when she had to stay indoors, she pressed her face close against the window pane, drawing her little fingers down the long, trailing drops. "Rain, rain, go away, come again another day," said she, and sure enough, at last the rain would hum dimly off and the thrush begin to sing. Then the sun and she went rushing out of doors together, over hill, over dale, glimmering hither, glimmering thither in the footsteps of the showers!

She was very fond of books, too, that little girl, and when her best beloved brother, Edward, began to study Greek with a tutor, she joined him and sat in her little chair with her book in one hand and a doll tenderly cherished in the other, persistently twisting her tongue around the strange Greek words. Ever after, Elizabeth loved those

old Greek stories. Sometimes she said that she dreamed more often of Agamemnon than of Moses, her beautiful black pony. One year the little girl had a great flower bed laid out under the old pear tree, where the birds sang in the garden. It was shaped like an enormous giant. This, she said, was Hector, son of Priam, mighty hero of Troy. He had eyes of blue gentians staring winking at the skies, his locks were scented grasses that went waving in the breeze; his helmet was of golden daffodillies, his breastplate all of daisies; and in his hand he bore a sword of flashing lilies.

Elizabeth's closest chum in her childhood was her father. Often she used to write little poems and show them to him in secret. When she was fourteen, she wrote a long poem, *The Battle of Marathon*, and her father thought it so fine that he had it really printed in ink.

The girl was a wonderfully graceful, dainty little creature, of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face. Her eyes were large and tender, richly fringed by dark lashes, and her smile was like a sunbeam.

One day, when she was fifteen, Elizabeth decided to go for a ride on her pony, Moses. But Moses was not brought up ready and harnessed, exactly on the moment, and so, in a fit of impatience, she flounced out after him into the field. There she attempted to saddle him herself, but as she did so, she fell and the saddle came crashing on top of her. Poor little impatient Missie! She was severely hurt, and there followed years of invalidism, during which she never went out again in the same old free way, to ramble over the hills and romp in the out-of-doors.

As time passed she lived in various different places, but wherever she went this cloud of illness continuously hung about her. The long days when she was confined to her room she spent in study and in writing poetry, but for many years she only talked with the outside world by means of letters,—letters always bright and vivacious with little mention of her troubles.

Gradually the young woman, thus so constantly confined to a sick room, grew to be a well known poet, and then one day a great man, one of the greatest of English poets, wrote Elizabeth Barrett a letter. He admired her, admired her work with all his heart and soul. This man was Robert Browning, and Elizabeth admired him as much as he did her. Soon the mail-coach was carrying letters regularly between them. After a time along came Mr. Browning to see the delicate little lady, and almost before she knew what had happened, he had married her and carried her off like a knight of old from the prison of her sick room to the golden land of Romance. In her joy and happiness she found herself transformed and lifted out of her illness. Mr. Browning took her to live in a palace beneath the sunny skies of Italy.

It was chiefly in the interesting old town of Florence, with its hoary, gray stone buildings and its splendid treasures of art, that they made their home henceforth. Mrs. Browning took the keenest interest in the Italian people who were just then struggling for their independence, and as she looked down on the ardent young patriots from the windows of her home, the famous Casa Guidi palace, she wrote poems full of sympathy for them.

It was in Florence, too, that a little son, Robert, was born, and the mother, who had become the greatest of women-poets, had as much joy in all the wonderful things her little boy did as any less famous mother.

The life of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning was remarkably happy together. They visited Venice and all the most beautiful spots in Italy and were absolutely one in the love, admiration and devotion which they bore to one another.

When Mrs. Browning died, and Mr. Browning went back with his little son to England, the citizens of Florence, grateful for her love and sympathetic understanding, placed on the wall of Casa Guidi a marble tablet sacred to her memory.

The Ploughboy Poet

ROBERT BURNS (*Scotch* 1759-1796)

WILLIAM BURNS might live in a tiny, one-room mud cottage near the town of Ayr in Scotland, but he was a sturdy farmer for a' that, and he meant that Robert and his other children should have an education. Aye, he and four of his neighbors hired John Murdoch to keep a school for their bairns and they all took turns at boarding this kindly Scotsman. Little Robert, it is true, liked to play truant. He loved each "wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flower," each "cowerin', timorous beastie" of the field, and the "sweet, warbling woodlark on the tender spray" far better than his lessons. He loved the "wild, mossy mountains," too, where grouse led their coveys through the heather and shepherds piped while they tended their sheep. Only by infinite patience did Murdoch win the boy to his studies.

Now there was at this time in the Burns' household an old woman named Betty Davidson, who knew more tales than anyone else in the country concerning fairies, ghosts and devils. In the eerie dusk of the cottage firelight, Robert sat at old Betty's knee and soaked in stories of witches and warlocks, of wrinkled beldames and withered hags, which were later to make a riot of fun through his poem of *Tam o' Shanter*. His mother, too, told

him the early romances and tales of Scottish history, arousing in his breast the deepest tenderness for his country. Many a time the little fellow was to be seen strutting down the village street in the wake of the drums and the squealing bagpipes. Teedle dee, teedle dum, teedle deedle, and Bobbie Burns after the bagpipes! Later, while he followed the plough through the fresh-turned fields, he always had some book of ballads before him. When the village blacksmith gave him a life of William Wallace to read, off he must go at once to explore every den and dell in Leglen Woods where Wallace was said to have hidden.

All on a summer's day young Robert went a-reaping in the golden harvest field beside a bonnie lassie who sang like a lark for sweetness. The sight and sound awoke in his heart the gift of song. Oh-hey for somebody! He must needs pour forth a poem!

A sturdy, affectionate lad was Bobbie Burns in those days, and no doubt about it, whatever; but when he grew to be a youth he fell in with evil companions, certain jovial smugglers who plied their trade in the deep-hidden caves of the rocky Ayrshire coast, and he liked all too well their lawless ways and speech. He began to frequent the taverns, to drink and join in swaggering revels. Poor lad! His life went from bad to worse. His father died leaving a burden of debts; the farm was poor, crops failed and Robert found himself at last tangled and fast-bound in a host of difficulties. The only way out seemed to be for him to leave home and go adventuring to Jamaica.

In order to raise the passage money of nine pounds, friends urged Burns to publish the poems which he had long been writing. This book was instantly praised and Burns became so popular that instead of going to Jamaica, he was off to Edinburgh to be feted and praised by all. From the little farm in Ayrshire he made his way to the fine old city which towered up proudly before him from Holyrood to the Castle, picturesque and smoke-wreathed by day, by night a climbing tier of lights and cressets.

But alas! Success in the city was short-lived. Burns found himself wholly out of sympathy with the standards of the world. How could he, whose heart was yearning to pay honor to whom honor was due, endure to see a fellow whose abilities would scarcely have made an eight-penny tailor and whose heart was not worth three farthings, meet with all the fawning notice and attention which were withheld from a man of genius, merely because he was poor? This was a state of affairs never to be endured by one who could write:

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Our toils obscure and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gold for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie called a lord,
Wha struts and stares and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

In the very heyday of his success in Edinburgh, Burns began to see that he should have to return to the country, don his "hodden-grey" once again and follow the plough. Accordingly, he turned his back on the city and married a country lassie. Then he settled down to a small farm at Ellisland, with high hopes that here he should be happy. But poor Burns! In spite of his warm heart and his love of laughter, he yielded too easily to temptation ever to be happy. The taverns and ale-houses saw him

frequently again. How then could he make Ellisland pay? In a short time he had to sell it. With his wife and children he moved into the little town of Dumfries. And now he was separated from all that rustic country life and picturesque, rural scenery that had been his inspiration. He turned down no more daisies in the field; the horned moon hung no longer in his window pane; he saw no more rosebuds in the morning dew, so pure among their leaves so green. Amid the dirty streets, the gossip and dissipation of a third-rate Scottish town, he was neither in harmony with himself nor with the world. And so, at the age of thirty-one, worn out and old before his time, the greatest poet of Scotland died.

Robert Burns' songs came to him as naturally as the carol to the blackbird. In one short summer's day he dashed off all of *Tam o' Shanter*. His songs are full of laughter, full of tears, and tender as the crooning of a mother. In his heart was a great sympathy which reached out to all mankind, and to beasts and flowers of the field as well. He makes us smell the new-turned earth, the breath of kine, and the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale, and yet his deepest interest was in men—in men and women, lads and lassies. First and foremost he was the poet of the fireside and the hearth, of the wee white cottage glinting through the trees, with smoke slow curling from its ingle-nook, where wait some thrifty wife and wee, sweet bairns to welcome home their Dad. His touch falls on men's souls like the touch of tender hands and of all great men from the North Country there is none who holds in his countrymen's hearts a place like Robert Burns.

The Laird of Abbotsford

SIR WALTER SCOTT (*Scotch*, 1771-1832)

UNDER the ruins of an old castle in Scotland a tiny boy once played on the soft green turf among the lambs and dogs. This was little Walter Scott who had been sent down from his home in Edinburgh to his grandfather's farm at Sandyknowe, that he might live out of doors and grow strong, for the child had been lame from his babyhood. Here, under the great shade trees or in a corner of the drawing room, Walter's grandmother and aunt told him endless ballads of Scottish history and tales of the Border heroes. Before he could read he learned these ballads by heart and he loved them so dearly that he would shout them out at the top of his voice, even when the minister came to call, much to the discomfort of that worthy gentleman, who could neither speak nor hear above such a terrific din.

Once Walter's aunt took him to the theatre in London. The play was *As You Like It*, and it all seemed intensely real to the child. When Orlando and Oliver fell to quarreling, he was so grieved that he cried aloud in a voice to be heard throughout the house, "But aren't they brothers?"

As soon as he was strong enough to go to school, Walter became, in spite of his lameness, a leader in frolics and "high jinks." Sometimes he wandered about the country to gather from the peasant folk the quaint old ballads he loved, and he brought away as souvenirs of the different places he visited, the branches of trees from which he eagerly planned to carve a set of chessmen.

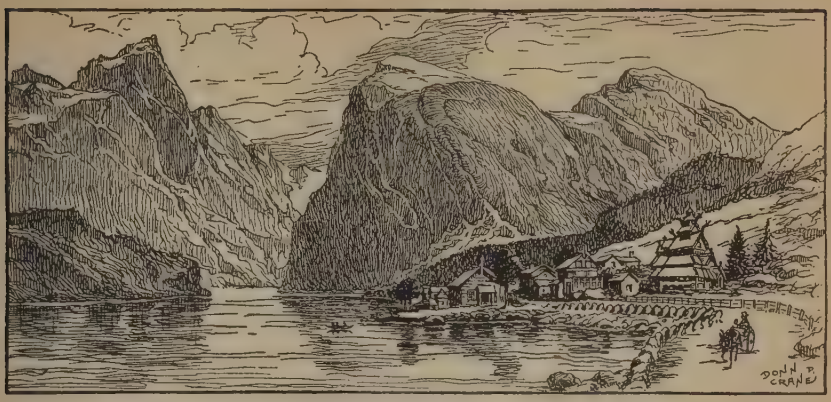
"I will make kings and queens from branches growing near palaces," he said, "and bishops from those that have shaded an abbey."

When he said good-bye to school Scott hung out a shingle announcing that he was a lawyer, but his beloved ballads kept running in his head, and so, instead of trying cases, he began

to write ballads of his own, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *The Lady of the Lake*. Presently he found himself famous as a poet. Then he bought himself a beautiful home at Abbotsford on the river Tweed, where he lived like a country laird, keeping open house for all visitors amid the gray hills and the heather of the border country that he loved so well.

Here he hoped he should live in peace forever, but he had among his acquaintances a certain swaggering little tailor nick-named Rig-dum-funny-dos. This Rig-dum-funny-dos he placed at the head of a publishing house which he had just organized. But, alack, the little man knew more of cutting a pair of breeches than of running a business, and all too soon he involved his friend in enormous business debts. These must be paid off honorably, and in order to earn the money, Scott plunged at once into work, writing his first novel, *Waverley*. This he published without signing his name to it, and now in an incredibly short time he wrote novel after novel of the splendid Waverley series, calling vividly to life the past of English and Scottish history. Few even guessed that the hospitable Laird of Abbotsford, always surrounded by guests, living in fine old feudal fashion with baronial splendor and hospitality, was the author of these novels. Where did he ever find time to write them? Even the few who knew how early he rose to write, insisted it seemed like magic. "He must keep a goblin," said they, "hidden away in attic or cellar to help him!"

In 1825, after eleven years of brilliant and prosperous labor, he seemed at last about to be free from debt. Just at that very time, however, he found he had been involved again through that publishing business of his, to the huge amount of 130,000 pounds! It was a terrific blow! To pay off this enormous debt, he toiled incessantly once more. Seven years he toiled, a long heroic struggle and in the end his health broke down and he died, but he left a name unstained and held in the highest honor.



Fjords and Mountain Peaks

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON (Byurnson) (*Norwegian*, 1832-1910)

THE minister's little lad was a dull scholar. One must have the patience of Job to get anything into his head. His teachers were in despair and sometimes his parents thought they must send him to sea to be tamed by the stern discipline of a sailor.

But ah, it was a beautiful spot where he lived in the Romsdal, one of the finest valleys of western Norway, and the boy soaked in all the weird loveliness of the place. There the dark hues of mountain masses crowned with ice and snow, are mingled with the variegated splendor of the green and flower-clad valley. Dark fjords stretch their long arms into the land. From the very edge of their waters the mountains often rise, abrupt and rugged and sombre, with waterfalls and cascades, like silver ribbands, like bridal veils, like sheets of mist, leaping down from the snows and coquetting with the rainbows.

Trolls could live in such a spot and giants of ice and mist. Aye, they could play ball with boulders or snowball with an avalanche. In all the old Norse sagas, eddas and tales the boy felt the thunder of Norway's rivers, the roar of her waterfalls, the

sighing of her groves, the shadowy melancholy of her fjords and sombre mountains, and the sunny joy of all her flower-clad valleys.

He was twelve when he went to the grammar school at Molde, a small coast town in Romsdal. Would he ever learn his lessons? Say, would he ever fit himself for the university? His teachers urged but he only said: "They want me to study and read so much, while I would rather write."

Sometimes people flung at the lad the title of Agitator. When he was only fifteen, he organized a club of boys to talk over political matters. Even to those remote valleys of Norway, the revolutions that threatened thrones all over Europe in the year 1848 had sent their thundering echoes and awakened a response. Young Björnson, in a land with a King, was the outspoken leader of the boys who favored a republic and he started among them a paper called *Liberty*, which had to be written painstakingly by hand.

At length, with great difficulty, the Agitator passed the entrance examinations for the University of Christiania. But now he found a new line of activity which awakened all his interest. Since 1814, when Norway had separated from Denmark to become an independent kingdom, she had been struggling to create a national literature, untinged by the color of any foreign influence. Asbjörnson and Moe had already made their pilgrimages among the picturesque villages and quaint little hamlets of Norway, collecting from the peasants the fine old fairy tales of the people, and these had had their effect upon the writings of the day. Yet, save for her ancient stories, Norway had still little literature that was really her own. One might easily trace the finger of Denmark or France or Germany in everything that was done. At this miserable state of things young Björnson's patriotism took flame. Fjords and mountains and peasant-folk! Let Norway have her own literature.

Henceforth the boy whom teachers could not drive to work that did not interest him, labored and worked without ceasing. His

first story was *Synnove Solbakken*. It was different from anything else that had ever been done in Norway. Heretofore it had been the fashion for Norwegian authors to write romantic tales of Italy or some other far-off land, but Björnson had the courage to seek his subject right at home. He wrote about Norway and homely Norse peasant life, and how simply, how freshly, with what infinite sympathy for his people! His work at once became popular.

Tall, erect, broad-shouldered son of the frozen North, he could speak with a silver tongue, he could write like no other Norwegian. Three times he edited a paper, once he was director of the National Theatre at Bergen and again of the Royal Theatre at Christiania. Now he began to publish in rapid succession a series of national dramas, the subjects of which were taken from Old Norse or Icelandic sagas. As in his novels, he aimed to depict the modern Norse peasant, so in his dramas he strove to present what was most thoroughly Norse out of Norway's historic past.

As time went on a still more serious purpose took root in his heart. It was no longer his ambition only to please and amuse. He began to see clearly the faults in Norwegian society and to wish to bring home to the people a real desire for reform. So now he spoke out plainly and depicted these faults in his dramas. When he saw the dishonesty of the press, he put all that he saw on the stage in the shape of a play called *The Editor;* when he saw the corruption in the world of trade and commerce he wrote *The Bankrupt*, and, in his drama *The King*, he gave free expression to his ideas about a republic as the ideal form of government.

During the later years of his life Björnson was awarded the Nobel prize for literature and he proved to be one of the greatest poets, dramatists and novelists that Norway ever produced, the most Norwegian of Norwegians. When he wrote a national song it was sung by the whole nation from Lindesnes to the North Cape and the Land of the Midnight Sun.

The Rector's Son

ALFRED TENNYSON (*English*, 1809-1892)

SOMERSBY lay a mere dip of green in the treeless waste of hills. To the north stretched the wind-swept wolds, to the south the wide sadness of the fens, to the east the marshes moaning in the gale. In contrast to all this bleakness the gentler beauties of nature that showed themselves at Somersby touched with a deeper feeling the heart of Alfred Tennyson, the Rector's little son—violets and cuckoo flowers, warmth and scent and color, the song of birds and the music of running water.

Above the lane, deep sunken in flowery banks, rose the squat little church, small and unpretentious beneath its yew trees, the slim Gothic cross among the gravestones its only claim to beauty. Directly opposite stood the Rectory, a tiny house built of white-washed brick covered with woodbines, and nestling beneath a mass of elms and larches that dappled the lawn with sun and shade. How in the world could seven lanky boys, four girls, a father, a mother, an occasional aunt, indefinite servants and intermittent guests all squeeze themselves into a building so small?

Alfred was a lean dark little fellow with a firm-set, leonine head and a mane of thick hair. When he was very little he would put words together into lines which pleased him and run about shouting, "Far, far, away!" or "I heard a whisper in the wind." At eight he covered two sides of a slate with blank verse. At twelve he had composed an epic in twelve books which he would go shouting about the fields in the dark.

Alfred was not happy in school. He preferred the hollyhocks and lilies and friendly faces of the Rectory, and so he was taught largely at home by his father. Up in the attic he had a favorite room, clean and white, with dimity curtains and the smell of honeysuckle, and the hooting of owls at night time. Here he and his brothers read to each other the poems they had written.

The Rector, a tall, stern man, was not pleased with his sons for writing poetry. Was that any way for a poor boy to earn a living, pray tell? But their mother, on the contrary, was thrilled by their ability. When she was dragged up the hills in her basket chair by a great Newfoundland dog—for she was often an invalid—she hearkened proudly while they read her the poems they had written, a pleasant little confederacy of mother and sons. One wonderful afternoon when Alfred was seventeen, Mrs. Tennyson stood at the cross-roads waiting for the carrier, and when he came jogging along in his cart, he left her a parcel of proof, marked *Poems by Two Brothers*. What an event! Alfred and Charles were really in print, and with ten pounds for their efforts!

At Cambridge Alfred continued making a music of words, but he had a hard row to hoe, for the critics trounced him and pounded him and left him for dead, so to speak. His greatest comfort was his friendship with Arthur Hallam, but, alas, young Hallam died and Alfred mourned his death in the poem *In Memoriam*. For years he worked, often struggling with poverty, but when success came, it came in a flood. He became the best loved poet in England. He married, he was made Poet Laureate, he enjoyed the friendship of Queen Victoria and was raised to the peerage, as Baron Tennyson.

THE CITY CHILD THE PRINCESS IDYLLS OF THE KING

The Father of American Song

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (*American*, 1794-1878)

ONE of the descendants of that arch little Puritan maiden, Priscilla Mullins, and her bashful lover, John Alden, was a small boy named William Cullen Bryant. William was born in the beautiful hilly country of Cummington, Massachusetts, fit cradle for a real poet of Nature. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, was a country physician, and he used to love to wander with his sons out into the wild woodlands and up into the hills, keen-eyed and alert to each flash of little woodland creatures through the leaves, loving them all and lifting up his heart with joy for all Nature's ways of beauty. In the long winter nights, when the snow lay white on the world without and a roaring fire blazed on the cosy hearth within, Dr. Bryant would read aloud to his children from the treasures of his library which was one of the largest in the neighborhood. During the day the boys went to the public school, but when the school hours were over they raced out into the woods and fields, exploring all the country round about.

When Cullen grew to young manhood he was sent to Williams College, but his father was too poor to permit him to finish his education at Yale University, as he had hoped, and so for a time he pursued his studies at home. It was at this period, when he

was still little more than a youth, that, as he was one day wandering in the forest, his thoughts framed themselves into *Thanatopsis*.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language:

Having written the poem down on paper he laid it aside and forgot it altogether. It was not until some six years later that his father accidentally discovered it, took it to Boston and had it published. It produced a decided impression at once, for no American poet had yet written anything to equal it.

From this time forth, though Cullen had been educated for a lawyer, he continued to devote himself to literature. In 1825, he became editor-in-chief and part proprietor of the New York Evening Post, a position which he held for fifty years.

When the question of the abolition of slavery began to be agitated, Bryant in the Post, took the side of the Abolitionists. This stand was decidedly unpopular in those days and brought down upon it a storm of abuse. Mr. Bryant, however, refused to surrender his convictions, although he was denounced and deserted by many of his former friends, and was more than once threatened by the violence of the mob.

In 1860 he was one of the presidential electors who chose President Lincoln, and ever afterward he enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Lincoln. During the dark days of the Civil War, when all too many deserted and betrayed that gaunt, lone man in the President's chair, Bryant stood firmly by him, ever aiding and supporting him; and no other journal was more instrumental than the Post in bringing about the great changes of public opinion which ended in the destruction of slavery.

Mr. Bryant lived to be a very old man. He was the first American poet to win permanent distinction and he exercised a mighty influence over the younger literary men of America.

THANATOPSIS THE FOUNTAIN TO A WATERFOWL

The Children's Hour

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (*American*, 1807-1882)

IN an historic old wooden house, overshadowed by splendid elms and standing on one of the spacious streets of Cambridge, that delightful old university town, there lived once a modest, deep-hearted gentleman whose highest ambition was to be a perfect man and through sympathy and love to help others to be the same. The old house had been built before the Revolution and occupied by Washington when he took command of the American army in 1776. Its study windows looked across the green Brighton meadows far away to the Brookline hills. It was in that study just at twilight that the poet used to hear the patter of little feet in the room above him and see, in the lamplight, his children on the stairs. A rush and a raid from the doorway, they were swarming over his chair—Alice, laughing Allegra and "Edith with golden hair."

A scholar and a poet was Longfellow, a Professor at Harvard University, and yet he always seemed to have time for everybody and everything. Never was he too busy to see a caller, or to help by word or deed whoever was in distress. Often strangers called to see him, or children, not venturing to call, hung about his garden gate, hoping just to catch a glimpse of him. To such his courtesy was complete. He never seemed to think they had come for a peep at him, but took it for granted that they wanted to see Washington's study, which he showed them with simple pleasure. Indeed, far from trying to hide himself from intruders, he rarely even drew the blinds of his study windows at night. What a sunny, genial nature was his, full of courage, tenderness and strength. In joy and sorrow, he lived life beautifully and happily, with neither envy nor malice and with unbounded charity.

Through his mother Longfellow was descended from John Alden

and Priscilla, those precious Puritan lovers whose quaint courtship he described so beautifully in *Miles Standish.* In his boyhood he lived amid the quiet surroundings of Portland, Maine, where he was born, and he never forgot the pleasant streets of that dear old town, the shadowy lines of trees which permit, here and there through their branches, a sudden glimpse of the sea. He never forgot

"the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free,
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

His college days at Bowdoin, where he was a classmate of Hawthorne, introduced him to the falls of the Androscoggin River, wild scenery and rich in Indian lore and legend. The greater part of his life, however, was spent at Cambridge, writing and teaching, quiet days and little varied save for frequent trips to Europe. He was a poet of the past, of legendary heroes, and not like Lowell, a moulder of the present, but the music and deep feeling in his work have made him more beloved than any other American poet.

HIAWATHA. THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH. EVANGELINE. MY LOST YOUTH

The Lonely Boy

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (*American*, 1804-1864)

THE solitary figure of a boy, alone on a rocky cliff overlooking the sea at Salem. The surge beating up on the shore and the vast ocean stretching away before him. How Nathaniel loved the sea! His father had been a sailor and sailed far away to the Indies, to Africa and Brazil. Sometimes Nathaniel said to his mother that he, too, would go to sea and never come back again. A shy, solitary lad was he, fond of his own fancies, and of long, lonely rambles along the shore or through the queer little streets of Salem with their quaint old doorways and tragic memories of early witchcraft days.

When Nathaniel was fourteen his mother moved to a little town in Maine on the fresh, bright waters of Sebago Lake. Here the lad began again his solitary walks. He roamed the woods by day with his gun and rod, and in the moonlight nights of winter, he skated upon the lake till midnight, alone, always alone. When he found himself far from home and wearied with exercise, he often took refuge in some wood-cutter's cabin, where half a tree would be burning upon the hearth.

But when Nathaniel grew up, he did not go to sea. He went to Bowdoin College, instead, where he met two interesting youths, Franklin Pierce and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. While he was here certain new desires took root in his heart, for he wrote to his mother, "How would you like some day to see a whole shelf full of books written by your son, with '*Hawthorne's Works*' printed on their backs?"

When he was graduated from Bowdoin, instead of making off to sniff salt whiffs of old Ocean from behind the mast, he returned

to Salem, and took to writing, living in such seclusion that even his own fellow citizens scarcely knew him by sight!

Little money, however, came from his magazine articles, and all too soon, life unrolled another picture,—Nathaniel now a weigher in the Customs House at Boston, measuring coal, salt and other bulky commodities that came in on foreign vessels. Thereafter, Nathaniel doing a farm hand's chores at Brook Farm, striving with other earnest thinkers, to work out a way for men to lead better and simpler lives.

In 1842 Hawthorne married and settled down in the handsome Old Manse at Concord. A beautiful place it was and all his rich life there called forth a book which he named with tender affection *Mosses from an Old Manse.*

In the years that followed Hawthorne lived for a time in a little red wooden house at Lenox in the Berkshires where he led an idyllic life ot peace, happy in the companionship of his wife and their three children. Their home stood in the midst of a broad valley that was like a great bowl flooded with golden sunshine. In the center there was a lake and all around an amphitheatre of hills about whose quiet peaks hung delicate purple mists like the softest of airy veils. Here Mr. Hawthorne would lie in the sunshine flecked with the shadows from a tree, and his little Una, Rose and Julian would climb over him and cover his chin and breast with grass till he looked like Pan, the merry god of the woods, with a verdant woodland beard. With children he was always happy and he loved to tell them stories.

In 1853 Hawthorne's college friend, now President Pierce, sent him to Liverpool as American Consul and for seven years he remained abroad. When he returned once more to America, he went to live in Concord, where he knew Louisa Alcott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Thoreau and all the other interesting Concord people. In that lovely spot he spent the rest of his days.

A Rover in the Catskills

WASHINGTON IRVING (*American*, 1783-1859)

LONG, long ago, just at the close of the American Revolution, when New York was a little old town with all the air of an overgrown village, a small boy was born there whose mother named him Washington Irving in honor of General Washington. When the little fellow was about six years old his nurse took him one day to see the procession escorting General Washington to Federal Hall to take his oath as first President of the United States. Pressing through the throng, the nurse dragged her small charge up to the great man and told him that the boy had been given his name. With a kindly smile Washington stopped to give his young namesake his blessing.

Washington Irving grew to be an adventurous lad. He liked to visit new scenes and observe strange manners and customs. When he was still the merest slip of a child he made long tours of discovery into foreign parts, the foreign parts of his own little city, and more than once his parents had to employ the town-crier to hunt up their wandering son by crying his name through the town. He loved to roam around the Battery, and to wander out on the piers to watch the out-going ships departing to distant climes. With what longing eyes did he gaze after their lessening sails and waft himself in fancy to the very ends of the earth. As he grew into boyhood, Washington extended the range of his adventures. He now spent his holiday afternoons in rambles far out into the country round about New York, visiting the little villages where the descendants of the old Dutch settlers continued to dwell, and pushing on, on to the very distant hills. He made voyages, too, in a sail-boat up the lordly Hudson River whose

cliffs and towering highlands breathed forth the very spirit of old Dutch and Indian legends. He penetrated into the heart of the Catskill Mountains, that rise to the west of the river, changing their magical hues with every hour of the day.

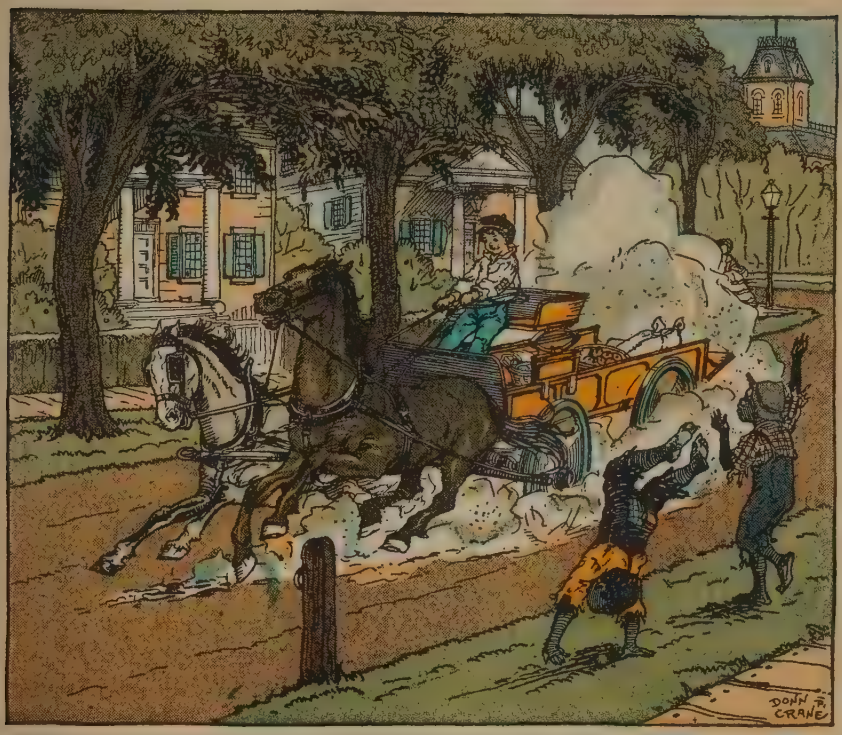
At times he peered into some dark glen, lonely and wild and tangled, or stood at the foot of a waterfall, a sliding sheet of silver, slipping down over mossy rocks; again he came out on the edge of a precipice, whence he could look out for miles and miles over all the sun-flooded valley and see far down below the twisting ribbon of the Hudson. He knew those mountains in sunshine and in storm—now in the calm of evening when they threw their long blue shadows peacefully over the valleys, or gathered a hood of gray vapors about their heads to glow in the setting sun like a crown of glory—now when the thunderclouds lowered, the lightning went leaping from crag to crag and peal after peal of thunder rolled crashing down their heights. And at the foot of these fairy mountains, its smoke curling up through the trees, would nestle a little Dutch village, where the houses had latticed windows and the gable fronts were surmounted by the quaintest of weathercocks. Here in the shade of some great tree before the old tavern, Irving

could always find a club of worthies smoking their pipes and whiling away the long, lazy summer's day by telling endless stories.

But as the boy grew to young manhood, he began to long to go further still in his travels. He had seen and loved so much of the natural beauty of America, her mighty lakes and mountains, her valleys and trackless forests, her broad, deep rivers and boundless plains, but now old Europe beckoned him. He longed for her treasures of art, her quaint and different customs, her poetic associations. He longed to loiter about her ruinous old castles, and reconstruct in his fancy all the shadowy grandeur of her past. And so when the young maid who had been his sweetheart died and there was nothing more to hold him in America, off he went to England. Already he was known there as the author of *Salmagundi Papers* and that humorous mixture of fact and fancy, *Knickerbocker's History of New York.* And so in England he found a place ready made for him. He could travel now as much as he pleased and he set down in his *Sketch Book* all the interesting things he saw—little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet, peasants in country lanes, as well as the solemn magnificence of grand old Westminster Abbey.

A journey to Spain gave him the rich store of Spanish and Moorish legend to put into *The Alhambra* and *The Conquest of Granada.*

After seventeen long years abroad, Irving returned to New York and bought the beautiful place called Sunnyside at Tarrytown on the Hudson, not far from Sleepy Hollow. No woman ever replaced the sweetheart of his youth and Irving never married, but here at beautiful Sunnyside he passed all the rest of his days, quitting it only once for any length of time, and then to serve for four years as American Minister to Spain. But however great was the volume of work that Washington Irving put forth, his name always calls first to mind the magic of the Catskills and the Hudson, gleaming through mists of romantic old Dutch legends.



'Way Down South in Dixie

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS (*American*, 1848-1908)

A LITTLE, red-haired, freckle-faced midget of a boy dashing down the main street of a sleepy Georgia town behind a team of powerful horses and handling the reins with all the confidence of a six-foot hostler! Joel Chandler Harris, you mischievous little monkey! Whose horses have you borrowed? Come down off that box at once! Your mother is horrified.

It was well for Joel that he did not distress that good mother of his too often, for all her hopes were centered on him. Long years ago the boy's father had deserted the two, and his mother had shouldered with splendid courage the burden of their support. She took in sewing and the two lived in a tiny cottage behind the great house of a friend.

Eatonton was a typical little Southern town of the days before the Civil War. It had a courthouse and a town square, a tavern and several wide streets shaded by rows of fine old trees. On either side of the road, behind the trim boxwood hedges, rose stately colonial houses, the white pillars of their piazzas glinting here and there through the screen of odorous cedars, brightly blossoming myrtles and oleanders around them.

A fun-loving, rough-and-tumble lad on the surface was Joel, playing all sorts of pranks with his friends and rolling in the white mud gullies or munching ginger-cakes with the little negro children. But he was a tender-hearted boy at bottom and never forgot a kindness. See him now behind the old school house, showing a wren's nest to three little girls with such delight in the tiny, fragile thing. And how gentle and kind the little girls are to the lad. A simple thing, but he never forgot it!

One day Joel found these words in a newspaper, "Boy Wanted to Learn the Printer's Trade." Here was his opportunity. He was only fourteen years old but he put away his tops and marbles, packed up his little belongings in an old-fashioned trunk, kissed his mother good-bye and was off. He went to work for Mr. Joseph Addison Turner of Turnwold, a fine old plantation, with cotton-fields white as snow in the season, and a group of negro cabins hid in a grove of oak trees behind the house. Mr. Turner published a paper called *The Countryman*, and the little printing office where the boy worked was a primitive place on the roof of which the squirrels scampered and the bluejays cracked their acorns. Not twenty steps from the office door a partridge had

built her nest and was raising a brood of young, while more than once a red fox went loping stealthily by to the woods.

It was hard to say whether Joel enjoyed most the out-of-door life on the plantation, tramping about with a boy just his age who knew every path in the countryside, or browsing in Mr. Turner's fine library, for he dearly loved to read. But when the work and play of the day were ended, and the glow of the light-wood knot could be seen in the negro cabins, Joel and the Turner children would steal away from the house and visit their friends in the slave quarters. Tucked away in the nook of a chimney corner, Joel listened with eager interest while Old Harbert and Uncle George Terrell, their black faces a-gleam in the firelight, told their precious tales of Brer Rabbit and all the other lore of beasts and birds handed down from their African forefathers. And sometimes, while the yellow yam baked in the ashes, or a hoe-cake browned on the shovel, the negroes would croon a camp-meeting hymn, or sing a corn-shucking melody.

So passed months and years at Turnwold. And then the Civil War! Joel Harris, a youth, with all the fire and passionate prejudices of boyhood, sitting up on a fence and watching the victorious Northern troops pass by, ploughing ankle-deep through the mud! The defeat of the South meant the end of *The Countryman* and the ruin of Mr. Turner. Joel had to start life anew. One paper after another gave him employment, and then, at last, he began to write for the *Atlanta Constitution* all those lively negro folk tales impressed so vividly on his mind in the old days at Turnwold —the stories of Uncle Remus. To Joel's immense surprise, Uncle Remus made him famous. And so it happened that the little red-haired boy, now grown a man with a wife and children of his own, could offer his mother a real home, and as his fame grew with the passing years, he brought her increasing happiness and fulfilled all her early dreams.

The Bad Boy

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH
(*American*, 1836-1907)

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH was born in the quaint, old, elm-shaded town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, which lies so near to the ocean that the constant sight of tall-masted ships and the smell of the sea are enough to set any boy's blood a-tingle with the spirit of adventure.

As a boy Tom spent whole hours with his nose in a book, all alone up in the attic of the old house where he lived. Here from the midst of castaway rubbish, he had dug out some exciting books of adventure, *Don Quixote* and the *Arabian Nights*.

Among the antiquated furniture in the attic was an old-fashioned, hide-covered trunk, reminiscent of that fascinating age of adventure for which his whole being sighed. The trunk had worn exceedingly shabby, but still had enough of the air of romance to be very interesting to Tom. One day, as the boy was passing a barber's shop, he saw some hair restorer displayed in the window, in connection with marvelous promises as to what the magic liquid could do in the matter of bringing back hair where no hair appeared to be. Thinking of his beloved but moth-eaten trunk, Tom went into the shop immediately and parted with what must have seemed an enormous amount of his pocket money, to buy a bottle of the hair restorer. He then returned at once to his attic and began applying the liquid copiously to the hide of the trunk, in eager hopes of seeing new hair appear in the bald places. Every day, thereafter, he patiently climbed the stairs to observe the

expected sprouting. But strange to say, the old trunk remained as sadly bald as before!

Before he was twelve years old, Tom had written a pirate story called by the highly exciting name of *Colenzo*. The scene of this thrilling tale was a wild, lonely and tropical isle located, according to Tom, somewhere about seven miles off Portsmouth Harbor!

When Tom was sixteen, his father died, and there was no money to send the boy to college, so he set out to seek his fortune in New York. There he became a clerk in the office of an uncle who was a banker. All the time, however, the impulse which had prompted him to write *Colenzo* was urging and urging within him, so that, by the time he was twenty, he had decided to break away from the business world altogether and devote himself to writing. At first it was by no means easy, trying to earn a living by writing. He obtained work as a proof-reader in a publishing house to make both ends meet, but he stuck pluckily to his profession and at last found himself editor of one of the well known magazines.

Henceforth for many years he was a writer both of prose and of such lovely poems as *Robins in the Treetop*. But always Tom's boyhood and the happy days of boyish adventure and fancy in Portsmouth were with him. Rivermouth, the scene of several of his stories, is really Portsmouth, and in *The Story of a Bad Boy*, he tells much that was true of his own boyhood.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY

In the old Aldrich home at Portsmouth visitors may see, to this very day, the marvelous ship and the little room that were Tom's, and in the garret, the playthings of which he tells and which he so dearly loved.

In Search of Adventure

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (*Scotch*, 1850-1894)

ROBERT'S old nurse, "Cummy," held him up to the window when he was tired of hearing her read, and let him gaze on the wonder-world without. He watched the carts in the dawn rumbling cityward, his peaked white face pressed hard against the pane in his eagerness, and in the evening the appearance of the lamplighter was almost as exciting as a raid by a pirate.

Robert lived in Edinburgh and his father was an engineer who built great lighthouses that flashed out their lights all along the Scottish coast; but the boy was scarcely strong enough to follow his father's calling.

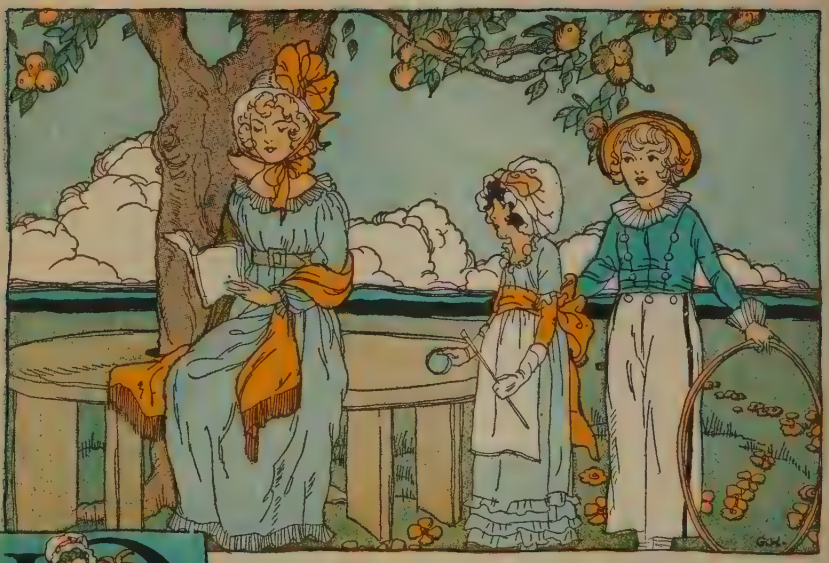
When he was a young man he went off with his canoe to paddle through the canals and rivers, the quaint, trim villages and pleasant fields of Belgium and France. This adventure he followed with a walking trip through Southern France, having as his only companion a particularly stubborn donkey. When he returned to England he wrote so delightfully of these journeys, *An Inland Voyage*, and *Travels With A Donkey*, that his friends began to urge him to give up other work and do nothing but write.

A year or so later, Stevenson heard that the young lady whom he was to marry, a Mrs. Osbourne, was ill in California, so he set out to join her. Travel was expensive and he had little money, so he went as a steerage passenger among all the hodge-podge of immigrants—queer characters, jabbering the strange tongues of half the countries of Europe. Then he crossed the American continent on an immigrant train. In San Francisco he married Mrs. Osbourne and after some months in a desolate mining camp, he returned with her and his stepson to Scotland.

Stevenson had never been strong or well, though he was the cheeriest man imaginable and never let illness keep him from his work. In the years following his marriage he wandered about with his family into all sorts of curious places, seeking a spot where he could live more comfortably. At last he settled down on one of the Samoan Islands, a tropical paradise amid the soft blue waters of the South Seas. Here he had a beautiful place called Vailima at the foot of a lofty mountain. How truly he enjoyed making acquaintance with the simple, hospitable, brown-skinned natives. He acquired great influence in their affairs and used to sit in state at their councils.

In spite of his physical weakness, Stevenson was ever at work, and his heart was so full of keen boyish love of adventure that he left boys and girls such stories as no man has ever surpassed. In 1894 he died at Vailima as courageously and cheerily as he had lived, and his body was borne by sixty natives up Mt. Vaea to rest in a beautiful spot above his home.

TREASURE ISLAND KIDNAPPED THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSE



Rosies and Posies

KATE GREENAWAY (*English*, 1846-1901)

ROSES and posies and quaint little children in old-fashioned gardens,—what magic in Kate Greenaway's name! Her lovely pictures of children, so dainty and full of grace, seem to breathe forth the very fragrance of prim little, trim little gardens.

A happy little mite was the tiny Kate Greenaway, a London child sent into the country to be nursed by an old family servant. Sometimes she ventured out with her "Nanan" into the grain fields where the wheat towered high above her head. What enchanted vistas opened before her, stretching away forever—avenues of golden grain made brilliant with scarlet pimpernels, blue and white veronica and gorgeous crimson poppies. But when she could visit her far-off Flowerbank it was more exciting

still. She must climb over queer old stiles and cross delightfully terrifying foot-planks over a deep, dark, mysterious stream. Then, away through a shady wood to the mill. In the woods grew the large, blue cranesbill, the purple vetch and wild morning-glory, and up in the trees the wood-pigeons cooed. Around the mill wound a little river with forget-me-nots on its banks and apple-trees trailing their heavy branches almost into the stream.

After a year or two in the country Kate was sent back to London. Her father was a wood-engraver but he had not succeeded in business, so Mrs. Greenaway set up a shop to sell laces, children's dresses and fancy goods. Kate was sent now to an infants' school kept by a little old lady who wore a large, frilly cap, a frilly muslin dress, a scarf over her shoulders and a long apron. What a happy child she was, happier than either her brother or sisters, though they had the same surroundings. Her rich fancy found beauty everywhere.

The Greenaway children were allowed to roam about freely in the neighborhood of their home. They had given their promise to go no farther than a certain exciting corner and they always kept their word. But what streets those were through which they roamed! Where else were to be seen such grand, mysterious children guarded by their nurses, such rustling, perfumed ladies and such fascinating shop windows? And on that street corner, what adventures! Now a sailor man with a wooden leg appealed to the sympathy of passers-by displaying a large, lurid picture of a ship overturned by a whale! Now, hark! a drum and the sound of a weird little shriek! A Punch and Judy show! Off the small Greenaways scamper to crowd around Mr. Punch. But alas! when their interest in the performance is at a white heat, just when the ghost is about to nab Mr. Punch, all too suddenly the manager stops and declares he will go no further unless he is paid with some pennies! Now the little Greenaways never had any pennies, and as the other small onlookers were frequently in the

same plight, off would go Mr. Punch to more profitable fields, leaving black despair behind. But then, no use for long grieving! Punch was soon replaced by those fascinating mechanical puppets, the Fantoccini,—Mother Goose with her milk-pails from which jumped little children, the skeleton that came to bits and joined itself together again, and four little figures dancing a quadrille. Rarely was the corner unoccupied. There was always the chance of tumblers, tight-rope dancers, and that delightful street-organ, on top of which the ingeniously contrived figure of an executioner cut off the head of a queen about once every minute to the tune of the Marsellaise!

While Kate lived in London, her bedroom window looked out over naught more beautiful than red roofs and chimney pots, but she used to imagine that steps led up from those roofs to a lovely garden where nasturtiums and flowers were blooming so near to the sky. She used to fancy, too, that a secret door had opened for her in the queer old houses that joined their own, and that that door led through lines of interesting old rooms, all so curious and delightful, and ending at last in a garden. By and by she began to want to express all her love of children and gardens, and so she set to work and studied to be a painter.

First, she painted designs for valentines and Christmas cards, then she illustrated books, and at last she wrote *Under the Window*, her own book of rhymes, and drew its quaint little pictures. Soon Kate Greenaway's fame spread around the world. The little frocks and aprons, hats and breeches of her children, so funnily prim and neat, and yet so simple and graceful, set the style in dress for Europe and America. Dear, bright, quiet, little lady living in such seclusion! She showed people more of the charm of children's ways than they had ever dreamed of—their graces, their thousand little prettinesses, and she left a pure love of childhood in many a heart that had never felt it before.

The Sailor Boy

JOHN MASEFIELD (*English*, 1878-)

JOHN MASEFIELD was a wanderer. School held no joys for him. He loved the out-of-doors. 'Twas

"Hey for covert and woodland and ash and elm and oak,
Tewkesbury inns and Malvern roofs and Worcester chimney smoke,
The apple trees in the orchard, the cattle in the byre,
And all the land from Ludlow town to Bredon church's spire."

He was away from home for days at a time tramping the countryside. Wayward lad! He must learn in some way a sense of responsibility. For the good of his soul he must go to sea. He must be indentured to the captain of a merchant vessel. He was only fourteen but he sailed all the Seven Seas from India to Brazil, and his comrades were the sailor-men who sailed the bounding deep. For many a year he followed the gull's way and the whale's way over clean, green, windy billows, with the flung spray and the blown spume and the white clouds flying. And the queenliness of the ships was a magic that thrilled him to the bone. Now, 'neath an arching sail he sees looming high the peaks of the Cordilleras; again, behold tiny white houses and orange trees, and hear mid the ghostly palm trees the long, low croon of the steady trade winds blowing.

Once he came home to tramp again the vagabond's trail on land, but London town of all towns he was glad to leave behind. The sea, the sea was calling him once more. And the sailor boy sang to himself:

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sails shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

When he was a young man he left his ship at New York City with a chest of clothes and five dollars in his pocket. He lived

in a street of Greenwich Village, doing odd jobs in a livery stable, a bakery, a factory or along the water-fronts. He worked at the Columbia Hotel and took care of the bartender's baby, but he was haunting the book shops on pay-day. He was buying books and reading.

At last he is back in England writing tales of adventure or putting into verse all the yarns of sailor-men, the stateliness of ships and the bounding rhythms of the sea. He has risen to be poet-laureate but in his heart he still sings:

A wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels,
I am tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon wheels.
I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land,
Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on the sand.

"Oh I am tired of brick and stone, the heart of me is sick
For windy green, unquiet sea, the realm of Moby Dick;
And I'll be going, going from the roaring of the wheels,
For a wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels."

MARTIN HYDE, THE DUKE'S MESSENGER JIM DAVIS SALT WATER BALLADS

*The Tramp

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY (*American*, 1879-1931)

AROUND the cliff, with a boom and a bang, came rattling a gypsy wagon. On the front seat sat a man and a woman, laughing and showing white teeth, and appearing to think this the gayest morning the sun had ever shone on. The woman was covered with bangles and spangles and more bedecked than Carmen. Suddenly, at her suggestion, the horses were pulled up short. Before them appeared a fellow tramp, a tall and sunburned young man in yellow corduroys, a fancy sombrero and a vivid scarlet tie. At his back, done up in oil-cloth, he carried a pack which appeared to Mrs. Gypsy a delightful professional mystery.

"What you sellin'? What you sellin', boy?" she asked.

The Tramp obligingly opened his pack and took out a couple of pamphlets. First he handed Mrs. Gypsy the *Gospel of Beauty*

*Told chiefly from Lindsay's own book, ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY.

and then a little booklet called *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread.* Was that what he was selling? Strange wares indeed for a tramp. Mrs. Gypsy smiled and the horses went charging off down the road.

Vachel Lindsay had started from his home town, Springfield, Illinois, to walk across Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, up and down Colorado and into New Mexico. He had vowed to take with him no baggage nor money, but, as he went, to trade his rhymes for bread, and to preach his Gospel of Beauty. Surely, the common man, the farmer, had his secret dreams and visions. It was Vachel's mission to coax these forth, to urge a flowering of beauty on lonely farms or in ugly little villages. A sort of Johnny Appleseed was he, wandering about and sowing winged seeds of song.

Once he had been a lecturer for the Y. M. C. A. and now he was a poet, but at heart he was still an overgrown boy, strong and enthusiastic. At any moment he might make the heavens ring with a rousing cry of "Rah for Bryan!" or wake the sleeping echoes by shouting, "Liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever—r—r!" When he was back home reciting his poems on a stage he would go through the most extravagant antics, roaming up and down, shouting, gesticulating. Indeed, he was nothing if not original. Fancy a poet who could end a poem on Daniel in the lion's den, as if he were leading a football yell, by insisting that his hearers join in the roar: "Thus roared the lions:

"We want Daniel, Daniel, Daniel,
We want Daniel, Daniel, Daniel.
Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr,
Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!"

Or imagine a devotee of the same art as Tennyson's shouting:

"Black cats, gray cats, green cats, mi-au,
Chasing the deacon who stole the cow!"

Nevertheless, he was tremendously in earnest, that ragged tramp, and tremendously sincere. To the farmers he met on his

travels he did not recite his vaudeville pieces. These he was later to use to challenge attention in the cities. To the country folk he gave the *Proud Farmer*, *The Illinois Village* and *The Building of Springfield*, or he pasted up on their walls his poster with drawings called, *The Village Improvement Parade.*

He was off to Kansas because Kansas was to him the ideal American state, a state of tremendous crops, of hardy, devout, and natural men, the state that is ruled by the crossroads church.

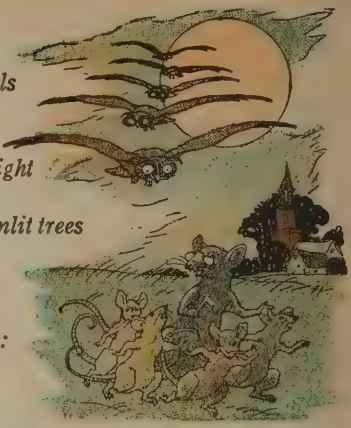
In eastern Kansas he tramped past rich fields with neat little hedges, past picturesque orchards and gardens till he came to the vast stretch of prairie, treeless, yet green, and patterned like a carpet with the shadows of the clouds. On and on he walked across unbroken prairie sod, where half-wild cattle grazed. Then came the alfalfa fields with their lavender haze of blossoms and busy music of gorging bees. Later he marched for days and days with wheat waving all around him as yellow as the sun.

Many a night he slept in the hay-loft of a barn or livery stable, with the wide loft-door rolled open and the golden moon for his friend. It was Romance itself sleeping in a hay-mow. The alfalfa was soft and fragrant, the wind blew clear and clean and the stars shone through the cottonwoods. Before he knew it, it was morning and the birds in the mulberry trees were singing, "Shivaree, Shivaree, Rachel Jane, Rachel Jane!" After a short walk he negotiated at a farm house for his breakfast and was on his way again. Sometimes he hoed corn all morning to earn his dinner, and as he worked, he talked to the farmer about his gospel of beauty or perhaps he earned a meal by entertaining the farmer's children. He knew a thrilling tale concerning Grandpa Mouse and what he said about the moon who was a dread Owl-queen. With the ketchup bottle for Grandpa Mouse, the salts and peppers for little mice and an old black hat for the mouse-eating owls that came swooping down from the moon, he acted out his story till the children were breathless with interest.

"She pours the owls upon us!
They hoot with horrid noise,
And eat the naughty mousie-girls
And wicked mousie-boys.

So climb the moon-vine every night
And to the owl-queen pray!
Leave good green cheese by moonlit trees
For her to take away.

And never squeak, my children,
Nor gnaw the smoke-house door:
The owl-queen then will love us
And send her birds no more!"



"Goin' west harvestin'?" the farmers asked of Vachel.

At first he answered no. But when he saw how the good folk toiled, happy and ungrudging, he presently answered, Yes!

One day he was tramping the railroad track through a drizzle and downpour of rain. Two sticks of candy which he had begged were all he had had for breakfast. He had walked for two days through the rain and was whistling to keep up his courage. Suddenly the mist lifted. He saw the track running on before him straight to the crack of doom. Not even a water tank was in sight, but just to his right was a shack with smoke pouring out of its stove-pipe. Hearing his whistling, two men popped their heads out the door and yelled in affectionate tones:

"Come in, you slab-sided hobo! Come in and get dry."

Inside he saw a red hot stove about as big as a hat with just enough room for three steaming coffee cans on top. Four white men of a Santa Fe section gang, their chins on their knees, completely filled the floor on one side of the mansion, while four Mexicans occupied the other. When the newcomer appeared, every man hunched himself up to take no more room than necessary, one Mexican sort of sat on another and space was made

for the tramp. Then the men passed up the coffee. They were nearly through eating and were throwing their extra sandwiches and bits of pie out the door. Said Vachel, "If any one has food to throw away, just wait till I step outside so I can catch it." They laughed and gave him all he could ever imagine eating.

Sometimes he traveled a bit of the way with these section gangs on their hand-cars, but usually he walked. At length he found himself actually harvesting at the home of a Mennonite farmer. They were dear people, these followers of the Mennonite faith, and deeply, sincerely religious. In their prayer-consecrated fields Vachel labored with joy. On Sunday morning he went with them to meeting. There sat all the women on one side of the aisle, the most pious in front in their little black scoop bonnets. Towards the middle of the church these bonnets gain in color. Behold, a cream-colored satin, a soft gray or a dull moon-yellow. Here come the children running in with bobbing headgears of every hue, yet the same scoop pattern still. On the opposite side of

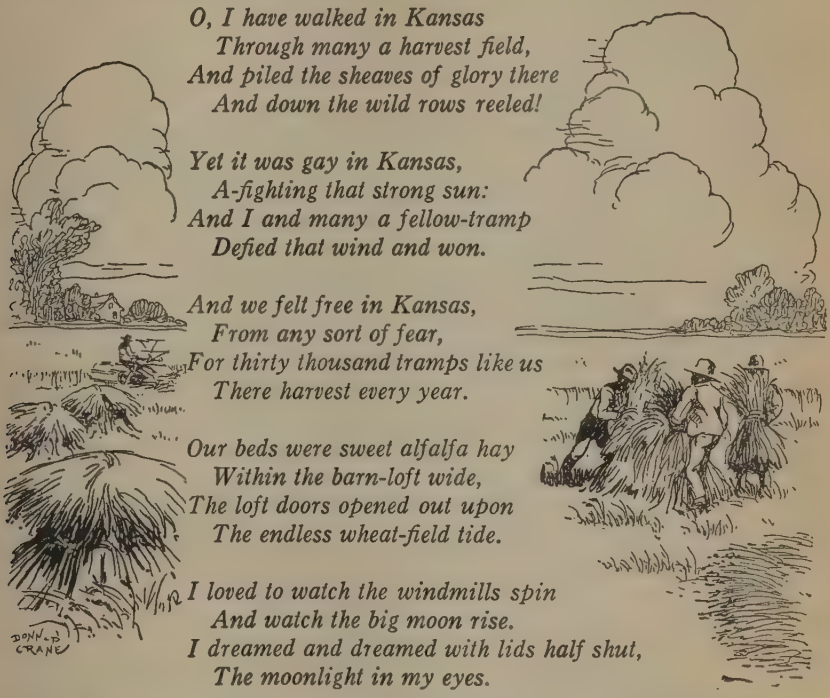
the house not a few of the men have left off their neckties as a particular sign of their doctrines.

Tillie, the daughter of the family, like all other Mennonite women, had a pretty way of covering her head with a little lace prayer-cap before Bible lessons or grace at table, and after supper, she and the rest of the family, men and women both, went about in clean bare feet. They had no profane hour, these Mennonites. When not at work they sang hymns.

In the fields Vachel worked beside a Mennonite lad. He and the boy followed the reaper which was driven by the farmer's son, and built the sheaves into shocks, so stacked that they could not be shaken by any ordinary Kansas wind. As they worked the boy sang: "The day star hath risen." Billows of grain stretch away to the horizon. Each time round the field the men stop to rest and drink from the water jug at a certain gap in the hedge. As they go round, the Mennonite boy talks religion or else he says nothing at all. Vachel has caught the spirit of the farm and sings every hymn he knows. The laborers are glad when noon time comes and they catch a glimpse of the Mennonite maid with the wagon that bears them their dinner. Then they unhitch the mules from the reaper, Tillie or one of the men offers a prayer of thanksgiving, and they eat in the shade of the thorn-trees. In the afternoon the sun is a roaring lion. The men wrestle with the sheaves as though they had the sun by the beard. It is one long struggle with the heat. Then the sun acknowledges his defeat. He shows through the hedge as a blur. He becomes a mist-wrapped golden mountain that some fairy traveller might climb in enchanted shoes, no longer an enemy, but a fantasy, a vision and a dream.

The places where the armies of wheat sheaves are marshalled are magic places despite their sweat and dust. There is nothing small in the panorama. All the lines of the scene are epic. Vachel thinks of the book of Ruth and the Jewish feast of the ingathering.

He is happy indeed that he has had the strength to bear his little part in the harvest of a noble and devout household as well as a hand in the feeding of the wide world.



O, I have walked in Kansas
Through many a harvest field,
And piled the sheaves of glory there
And down the wild rows reeled!

Yet it was gay in Kansas,
A-fighting that strong sun:
And I and many a fellow-tramp
Defied that wind and won.

And we felt free in Kansas,
From any sort of fear,
For thirty thousand tramps like us
There harvest every year.

Our beds were sweet alfalfa hay
Within the barn-loft wide,
The loft doors opened out upon
The endless wheat-field tide.

I loved to watch the windmills spin
And watch the big moon rise.
I dreamed and dreamed with lids half shut,
The moonlight in my eyes.

When Vachel came home to Springfield after that long tramp, the moonlight was still in his eyes. As he had seen the wheat harvest rich and ripe before him he dreamed of another harvest, a harvest of art and beauty to be gathered there in Kansas. The children now born in that west should be poets, artists, actors, musicians, gardeners, architects, classic dancers. They should have in their eyes the vision of beauty and live to express that beauty for the world. So dreamt the poet-tramp.

The Poet of the Sierras

JOAQUIN (Cincinnatus Heine) MILLER (*American*, 1841-1913)

MOUNTED on a little spotted pony, Cincinnatus Miller rode along the trail toward the mining camp. He had run away from his home in Oregon to seek his fortune mining gold beneath the snowy peak of Mt. Shasta in California.

One night a sailor-man from San Francisco drifted into camp and helped himself to the sluice boxes. The miners caught him in the act, tied him to a tree and told him to dig his grave. The digging proceeded but slowly, so Cincinnatus was called in to help. After they had dug a few feet the sailor-man announced

mournfully that his sudden departure from this life would be a hard blow for his wife.

"Have you a wife?" asked the lad with interest.

"Yes, she's in Yrebe," a town a day distant from camp.

"You keep on digging," said Cincinnatus. "I'll tell the men."

The miners heard the story and decided to send for the woman. They told the condemned man that if his tale was true and his wife was brought to camp, his life would be spared on condition that they two should remain and do the cooking for the miners. The sailor-man meekly agreed. He preferred to cook rather than be hanged; and so the woman was brought to camp, a cabin was built for her, and to make sure that she was really the sluice-robber's wife, the miners decided to have them married before their eyes. Opportunity now knocked at the door of young Cincinnatus. There was need of a song for the miners to sing to celebrate the wedding. The only books Cincinnatus knew were Shakespeare and the Bible, but various ringle-jingles kept running in his head. Finally he ground out several yards like the following:

Samson, he was a mighty man,
Oh, a mighty man was he-e,
But he lost his beard and he lost his hair,
Likewise his liber-tee-ee;
For a woman she can
Do more than a man,
Than a King and his whole ar-mee-ee.

The sailor provided the music and the song was yelled at the torchlight wedding by a sturdy chorus of miners.

Now Cincinnatus made no glittering fortune at mining of gold but he managed to earn a living until he was eighteen years old, when he went back home to Oregon to get a little "book learning." Confinement in a schoolroom, however, was more than he could bear, and the next year found him enjoying life by driving the pony express. This was dangerous business enough, for he carried

Uncle Sam's mail, an alluring bait in those days for white or redskin highwaymen. Somewhere about this time, too, Cincinnatus made the acquaintance of a famous Mexican bandit named Joaquin (Walkeen) Murietta. This boy he regarded with pity as a brave and ill-used young fellow who had been driven to desperation by wrongs inflicted in his own country too brutal to be told. His sympathy was aroused, his love of daring and romance, and he cast away his burdensome appellation of Cincinnatus, replacing it forever with the far more picturesque name of Joaquin. Henceforth, when he contributed poems to the Eugene City Review, he always signed them Joaquin.

It was in a little cabin which he had built with his own hands on land given him by the Shasta Chief, Blackfoot, that Joaquin first began serious writing. By and by he had saved enough money to cross the ocean to London. Think of him now, coming from the land of far distances and great sweeps, shut up in narrow London lodgings. Whenever he stopped work he saw in place of the fog and smoke the snow peaks of Oregon looming clear against the sky. Imprisoned as he was, he yearned as never before for America's great plains, where there is "room, room to turn round in, to breathe and be free."

"And to east and to west, to the north and the sun,
Blue skies and brown grasses are welded as one,
And the buffalo come like a cloud on the plain,
Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven main,
And the lodge of the hunter to friend and to foe
Offers rest; and unquestioned you come and you go."

Presently he caused to be printed with his own hard-earned dollars a thin little volume of poems which fortunately attracted the attention of the famous Rossetti family and their literary friends. They were struck by the breezy freedom of the poet from the west and with their help he brought out a book called *Songs of the Sierras*. Suddenly Miller awakened to find himself famous.

Henceforth, he was feasted and dined and entertained everywhere.

One evening he was invited to a grand reception to meet Lily Langtry, the celebrated actress, who had been reciting his poem *Columbus*. When the time came and the guests stood about all well groomed in their evening clothes, Joaquin appeared, to their astonishment, in a red flannel shirt with blue overalls tucked into tall miner's boots and a high crowned broad-brimmed sombrero. Led by his hostess, he advanced to meet Miss Langtry and lifting his hands to his sombrero, he dexterously showered from it a profusion of beautiful rose leaves. At the same time he exclaimed to the delighted lady: "The tribute of the California miners—California, the land of poetry and romance and flowers—to the Jersey Lily."

So it was England which first recognized Joaquin Miller's genius and he returned to America in the full noontide of his glory, to remain the most unique and picturesque figure in all the field of American letters—tall, broad-shouldered, long-haired and bearded like a pard, always in his big sombrero, his high-top boots and coat to match.

At last he settled down with his wife and daughter in a home called "The Heights," high up in the mountains overlooking San Francisco Bay. When a stranger once asked him where he lived he said: "Three miles east and one mile perpendicular." Indeed, he lived nearer the sun than most men and his normal dwelling place was always one mile perpendicular.

The poet who could picture California, "where the plants are as trees and the trees are as towers," had need of a wide canvas and a generous hand when it came to laying on color. These Joaquin Miller possessed; his poetry breathes of the pine-clad slopes of the Sierras. He was as typically Californian as a giant redwood, and it is due to him, more than any other American, that California literature has impressed itself on the world.

The Peace President

THOMAS WOODROW WILSON (*American*, 1856-1924)

TOMMY WILSON was a frail child in grotesque spectacles and he had two older sisters who bossed him and adored him. His father was a Presbyterian minister in Augusta, Georgia, whither he had moved from Staunton, Virginia, where the boy was born.

Tommy was only four years old when the Civil War broke out. He never forgot sitting alone on a gatepost of the parsonage watching a ragged troop of Confederate soldiers march by and shouting at them in the slang of the day, "O Joe, here's your mule!" Neither did he forget peering out through an upper window to see Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, passing in a carriage, a prisoner on his way to Fortress Monroe.

Dr. Wilson kept a big black buggy-horse which Tommy used to ride. His companions in such adventures got many a spill, but Tommy by riding "conservatively" always managed to avoid the "rough-and-tumble." The stable and the lot enclosed by the parsonage were a favorite resort for all the boys of the neighborhood, among whom Tommy was a natural leader. Together they organized the Light Foot Club, to play baseball with other nines, and they held meetings in the barn with such a nicety of parliamentary procedure as would have done honor to the Senate.

Often Tommy visited his Aunt Marion at Sand Hill and played with his cousin, Jessie Bones. In the twilight of the verandah Tommy told Jessie *Leather Stocking Tales*, and next day they stained their faces

with pokeberry juice, stuck feathers in their hair, armed themselves with bows and arrows and hid by the side of a lonely road, lying in wait for the pickaninnies who went home through the piney woods. When the little darkies appeared with bundles of light wood on their heads, the savages sprang out emitting blood-curdling whoops.

In Augusta about the church was a grove where Tommy often played. In his dreams he was the Admiral of a gallant ship called the Avenger, and he chased pirates by the scores in the South Seas. For three gorgeous months he kept the log of this ship, a bloody record of raids and battles and glittering treasures. But all Tommy's battles were in his dreams. Valiant as was his soul, he never got in a fight.

When Tommy was fourteen his father moved to Columbia, South Carolina, to become a college professor. Now for the first time the boy saw what war had done. The Civil War, scarcely touching Augusta, had left him no bitter memories, but here was a mile of business district standing sombrely ruined by the fires of Sherman on his march to the sea, a sight that marked Tommy's soul with a lasting horror for war.

So Tommy grew up in a cultured home with all that southern feeling that scorns sordid things, calmly and gently assuming nobility to be the natural state of man. Loving peace with all his soul, he left the Isle of Dreams to enter the world of action, no longer Tommy but Woodrow Wilson.

He was to be President of Princeton University, Governor of New Jersey, President of the United States, and a leader of world thought during the dark days of the World War. It was he who first made plain to the world that what the allies were fighting to protect and uphold was the principle of democratic government always so dear to his heart. It was he who represented the United States at the great Peace Conference and who sought to outlaw war forever by urging a league of nations.

The Divine Comedy

DANTE ALIGHIERI (*Italian*, 1265-1321)

HERE was to be a May-time festival in Florence at the home of the noble citizen, Folce Portinari. Dante was only nine years old but he went with his father to the merrymaking. Here among the children was the host's little daughter Beatrice, gay and beautiful in her childish fashion, and in her behavior very gentle and agreeable, so that many thought her almost an angel.

The image of this little maid Dante received into his heart with so much affection that from that time forward as long as he lived it never again departed from him. He saw Beatrice only two or three times in all his life and she married another, yet he venerated her as though she had been a saint and never ceased to love her. She died a very young woman, and it became his greatest desire to make her name immortal by writing of her as no woman had ever been written about before. Not until some time after her death did he marry Gemma Donati.

Now Dante was of the lesser nobility, and after his marriage he became involved in the sorry political quarrels of the day, the strife between Guelphs, the party of the Pope, and Ghibellines,

the party of the Emperor. So bitter became the struggle that Dante was one day banished from Florence, his house was plundered, and he was condemned to be burned alive if ever he should be caught. Poor Gemma was left alone with a brood of little children, and Dante wandered for twenty years an exile from his home, to die at last in Ravenna among the lagoons of the Adriatic.

But Gemma, by her foresight, had hidden many of the family treasures here and there among friends till the first fury of the citizens should abate, and in so doing she saved a little copy book in which Dante had written with his own hand seven cantos of a poem which he called *The Divine Comedy*. This little book he had flung among other papers into an old chest and left behind when he went into exile. One day, a young nephew, helping Gemma to sort their papers, found this poem and read it again and again. To him it seemed so beautiful that he found means to send it to Dante. The poet had never expected to see it again, but he cried:

"Since it has pleased God that it should not be lost, I will do my best to follow up the work according to my first intention."

Thus in his exile Dante finished his poem, so wrapped in his visions as to make them seem wholly real. He dreamed that he travelled through Hell under the guidance of Vergil. In a vast conical abyss descending by circular ledges to the center of the earth, sinning souls were punished according to their sin. With passionate force the poet describes the scene. From Hell he ascended the Mountain of Purgatory where sin and suffering were less, and so he came at the top to a beautiful forest which shut out the sight of Paradise. A sheet of fire barred his path, but Vergil whispered that Beatrice was just beyond. So the poet leapt through the flames, and there, a vision of celestial purity and sweetness, was Beatrice. She took him by the hand and floated with him from star to star till he came at last to the very presence of God, as he knew by the light and glory that flooded his heart. So in a burst of triumph ends the greatest poem of the Middle Ages.

The Slave Boy

AESOP (*Greek, about* 619-564 B. C.)

SHINING in the sunlight, the stately marble temples, the white colonnades, the palaces and homes of ancient Athens! For the first time little Aesop sees them, clear cut against a deep blue sky. He is being brought to Athens to be sold as a slave. There in the city before him he will pass from master to master like any ox or sheep. No joyous prospect that,—to perform forever and ever the thankless tasks of a slave! Ah, but he has a clever wit, that Aesop. With that he can brighten even the hardest lot.

And now he is grown a youth, and he and his fellow slaves are about to set out on a journey with the merchant who is their master. Heavy are the bundles of clothing, heavy the bales of provisions prepared for the slaves to carry.

"Master, grant me to carry the lightest bundle," cries Aesop.

"Sobeit," the master replies. "Select the lightest."

Aesop is stepping forward, but look what he has chosen,—the heaviest, most unwieldy package of all, a bulky basket of bread. His comrades laugh, "Ha, ha!" He is very foolish, that Aesop. He has laden him down for a long and tiresome journey. But now the noontime comes and with it the noonday meal. "Aesop," the master calls. "Distribute half the bread!" Aesop obeys and his load is lightened by half at the very time when to the rest their burdens are seeming twice heavier from their having been borne so long. By-and-by comes supper-time. "Aesop," calls the master. "Distribute the rest of the bread!" And now where is Aesop's load? He has no load at all. He has only the empty basket. His comrades trudge on perspiring, yet they cannot but laugh as they see him: "It is Aesop who was clever and we who were stupid fellows."

Iadman, the Samian, is Aesop's master. He has many a chance

to see how clever Aesop is and at last he sets him free. Io! Io! Aesop is now his own master. He grows to be a magnificent fellow. Think, he even journeys to the court of Croesus, King of Lydia, and there comes into high favor. Now he who was born a slave is the friend of the greatest men of his day, for who, pray tell, can turn a fable so perfectly as he, or pack so much truth into a story so short and exactly to the point?

One day Croesus sends Aesop as his ambassador to Delphi. He is to pay a certain sum of money to each of the citizens there. On his arrival, however, he finds the people in fault. A dispute arises between them. Flatly Aesop refuses to give over to them the money. In a fury the Delphians cry: "Thou hast offered an insult unto the god Apollo whose temple is here at Delphi!" And that is the end of Aesop. They hurl him headlong from a precipice.

Who knows today how many of Aesop's fables were really the work of Aesop? They were not written down till many years after his time, for the old Athenian wags, walking two and two in the market place, passed them on by word of mouth. "Have you heard the latest from Aesop?" they chuckled. "Then hearken and I shall tell you, for he is a clever fellow!"

Kilcolman Castle

EDMUND SPENSER (*English*, 1552-1599)

KILCOLMAN CASTLE in the County of Cork stood on the north side of a fine lake, looking off across a plain to a fringe of wooded uplands, and commanding a view over half the breadth of Ireland. Once it had belonged to the Earl of Desmond, a champion of Irish freedom, but it had been lost to him in a recent rebellion which he had led against the government of England. It lay now a romantic old ruin, scarred and broken with the turbulencies of the past; and mid its shattered walls, as in some sequestered glade, lived one who sang sweetly, piped to the woods, and passed his days in peace and quiet like any shepherd among the flowery meadows.

Edmund Spenser was an English poet to whom the old castle had been given by the government. He had come to Ireland in 1580 as secretary to the Lord Deputy, and there he had remained holding one clerkship after another, dreaming his dreams, and all unconscious of the hatred that was smouldering round about him, like a seething volcano, in the hearts of the Irish people.

It was no small sacrifice to remain away from London in the days of Queen Elizabeth. No more to see Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser's true ideal of knighthood! To be parted from that brilliant young dramatist, William Shakespeare! To hear of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and the exploits of Drake and Hawkins and Frobisher, only as a distant echo! But Spenser carried his own world with him wherever he went, and he found high company in the very air that flowed around him.

One day his old friend, Sir Walter Raleigh, came along to pay him a visit. Spenser told him that he was writing a poem called

The Faerie Queene. He had finished three books and he meant to write nine more, each one to have as hero a different knight who should represent some one of the principal virtues. Raleigh enthusiastically advised him to take these books to London and he himself presented the poet to the Queen. Now Spenser had already become famous through *The Shepherd's Calendar* which he had published ten years before and the public received his new work with delight and admiration. How sweet was its melody, how abundant its fancy! Queen Elizabeth herself granted the poet a little pension. For two hundred years there had been no great poem written in the English language. *The Faerie Queene* was the first great work since the days of Geoffrey Chaucer.

Nevertheless Spenser was glad to leave London and go back to Kilcolman Castle, and he celebrated his return with a song called *Colin Clout's Come Home Again.* By and by he fell in love with a lady named Elizabeth, and there was a long, long wooing, but at last she answered him aye, and he sang the finest wedding song ever written in English. Beneath the evening star and the fair face of the moon he brought his lady home to be the mistress of his heart. For four happy years he lived with his wife and little children at Kilcolman Castle and the publication of three more books of the *Faerie Queene* raised him to the pinnacle of fame, though they brought him little money. Then alack! the volcano that had slumbered so long burst into eruption. While he had dreamed his dreams in the valley, fierce curses had been uttered against him from the hills around. The peasant folk remembered their Irish lord whom they had been wont to see come in his splendour to Kilcolman, and their souls were filled with hate, for memory of Lord Desmond. Rushing down on Kilcolman they plundered it and set it on fire. The poet, his wife and babies barely escaped the flames. In profound distress they went to London and shortly afterward Spenser died, to leave forever unfinished, his beautiful *Faerie Queene.*

Picnics on the River

LEWIS CARROLL (CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON)
(*English*, 1832-1898)

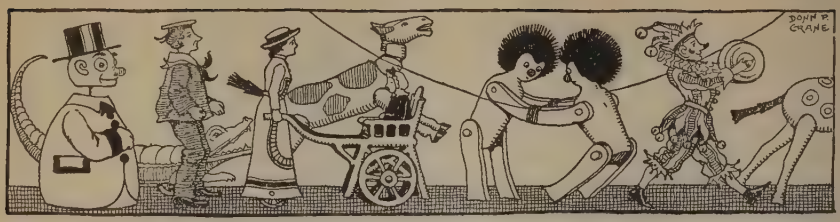
ONCE there was a tall, grave Oxford Professor named Charles Lutwidge Dodgson and he wrote very deep and learned books with such awful sounding names as *Mathematica Curiosa*. But this professor had three little girls for friends, named Alice, Lorina and Edith. They lived close by Mr. Dodgson in the same college court and many a happy hour did he spend at play with them. Often he took them boating on the river on summer afternoons, picnicking under the trees along the bank, and spinning for them, on demand, marvelous tales to which they listened wide-eyed and entranced. When he paused they chorused, "Tell

us some more;" and when he said, "Not now; next time," those insatiable youngsters cried, "It's next time now!" That is the way he told them *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*. He had more child friends, that tall, staid professor, than he could count on his toes if he had been a centipede—he said so himself—and here is a missive he wrote to a little Miss who had been sending him kisses in her letters.

"My dear Gertrude:

This really will not do, you know, sending one more kiss every time by post; the parcel gets so heavy that it is quite expensive. When the postman brought your last letter, he looked quite grave. 'Two pounds to pay sir,' he said. 'Extra weight, sir.' 'O, if you please, Mr. Postman!' I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me go down on one knee to the postman—it's a very pretty sight). 'Mr. Postman, do excuse me just this once. It's only from a little girl!' 'Only from a little girl,' he growled. 'What are little girls made of?' 'Sugar and spice and all that's nice—especially the spice,' I began to say, but he interrupted me. 'No, I don't mean that,' he said. 'I mean, what's the good of little girls when they send such heavy letters?' 'Well, they're not much good, certainly,' I said, rather sadly. 'Well, mind you don't get any more such letters,' the postman said, 'at least not from that particular little girl. I know her well and she's a regular bad one.' That's not true, is it, Gertrude? I don't believe he ever saw you, and you're not a bad one, are you? However, I promised him you and I would not send each other many more letters—'only two thousand four hundred and seventy or so,' I said. 'O,' said he, 'a little number like that doesn't signify. What I meant was, you musn't send many.' So you see, Gertrude, we must keep count now, and when we get to two thousand four hundred and seventy we mustn't write any more unless the postman gives us leave. Your loving friend,

Lewis Carroll."



Seein' Things

EUGENE FIELD (*American*, 1850-1895)

THE feller who knew so much about "Seein' Things at Night" was born in St. Louis, but his mother died when he was seven years old and he was brought up by a cousin in Amherst, Mass. Eugene's grandmother had high hopes of turning him out a minister and used to offer him ninepence to write her a sermon. When he grew up, however, he became a newspaper man, in spite of all the ninepences. He worked on the *Chicago Daily News*, but it was children he loved best. He would take all sorts of trouble to make a child happy. His room was crowded with toys, queer dolls, funny little mechanical toys that ran about or nodded strange heads or performed weird and wonderful tricks. His study was never shut to a child and he had many child friends of whom his family knew nothing.

Eugene Field's home was in the suburbs of Chicago where, on the lawn, he kept his donkey Don. Don was utterly useless. He did nothing but bray and eat, but Field loved him. Since there were no fences separating house from house, Don was kept tethered, but now and then he would break his rope and gallop off to work havoc in the neighboring gardens. So Field got into the way of keeping a lookout for him. Up to the top of the house he would run. Then he would open a window and lean out, proceeding to hee-haw in the most lifelike manner. Presently, faint from the distance, the answering bray of the affectionate animal

would come, wafted on the wind, and Field would rush away in the direction of the sound to bring the truant home.

What a man he was for a joke! When he felt that an increase of salary was due, instead of asking for it in the ordinary way, he went to the office of his chief dressed in rags with four of his children likewise in rags. Falling on their knees, they all pretended to weep, while Field cried beseechingly: "Please, Mr. Stone, can't you see your way to raise my salary?"

Tenderness, beauty, fun, love of fairies, witches, and childhood —all these he preserved in the midst of Chicago's work-a-day world.

Once, in response to many questions about his tastes and habits he issued the following summary:

I am very fond of dogs, birds and all kinds of small pets—and I adore dolls.

My favorite flower is the carnation.

My favorite ballad is "Bounding Billows."

I love Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales and am deeply interested in folk-lore and fairy tales. I believe in ghosts, in witches and in fairies.

I should like to own a big telescope and a twenty-four tune music box.

My heroes in history are Martin Luther and Abraham Lincoln.

I love to read in bed.

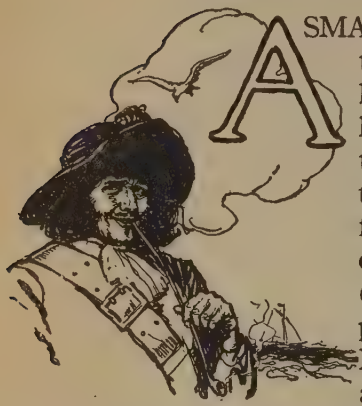
I believe in churches and schools; I hate wars, armies, soldiers, guns and fireworks.

I love music (limited).

My favorite color is red.

Pictures

HOWARD PYLE (*American*, 1853-1911)



A SMALL boy once lay on the rug before the fire in a sunny, warm, little library in Wilmington, Delaware. The hickory logs snapped and crackled in the fireplace, the firelight twinkled on the andirons and snow was softly falling outside. Howard was turning over leaf after leaf of a book, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and looking at the pictures. There one might see Master Humphrey with dream people flying about his head. The boy's mother sat nearby busy with her sewing, and as he looked at the pictures, she told him the story that went with each. They loved pictures, that boy and his mother, particularly the pictures in books.

Howard lived in a quaint old stone house which was really three old houses put together. One of these was built as early as 1740. In front there was a grassy lawn with a terraced bank down which he used to roll over and over on a summer's day. Beyond a little grove one could see the main road where every now and then a train of Conestoga wagons carrying lime, passed along in a cloud of dust. These wagons were always very wonderful to the boy. They looked like great clumsy ships that had come from afar, and sometimes they were pulled by eight mules, the leading team of which was bedecked with a gay harness trimmed with crimson leather and brass and adorned with silver bells that rang a merry tune as the procession passed in the sunshine.

One afternoon when Howard was very, very small, he felt so full of the sunshine he wanted to write a poem. So his mother gave him a piece of gilt-edged paper and a pencil, and he went out

to sit down by a big rock in the garden and be alone with his inspiration. Not until he had wet the pencil in his mouth and was ready to begin his composition, did he realize that he could neither read nor write. How helpless he felt! How impotent!

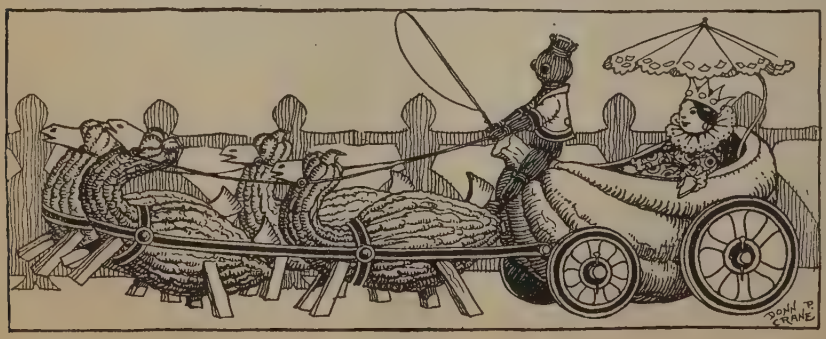
Howard could never remember the time that he was not drawing pictures. He was eight years old when the Civil War began, and he long cherished a picture he drew at that time and colored with water color. It showed a bandy-legged Zouave, waving a flag, brandishing a sword and threatening a Secessionist with annihilation. There was lots of smoke, with bombshells, and blazing cannon, and an array of muskets and bayonets carefully passing behind a hill to save the boy the trouble of drawing all the soldiers who carried them. The legend attached to this picture read, "Ded, Ded, Ded is the Cesioner!" Howard was never a shining light in spelling!

The boy loved quaint old tales of adventure, tales of knights or pirates and when he grew up he began writing such picturesque stories himself and illustrating them with vigor and a keen love of color and beauty. He became one of America's foremost illustrators and a favorite writer for boys and girls.

A Champion of the Slave

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (*American*, 1811-1896)

IN A little saucer-like valley of the lower Berkshires where the hills stand in a wide circle, lies that most beautiful of Connecticut villages—Litchfield. Here Harriet Beecher was born and she loved those hills beyond expression. To her childhood home she gave the name of Cloudland because of the trail of rosy clouds that veered round the purple heads of her mountains. The house where the Beechers lived was a big old New England homestead, but there were thirteen children, besides the father and mother, to fill it. There was plenty of work at the Litchfield parsonage but there was likewise plenty of fun. Chief among the entertainers, when work was over, was little Harriet, who was ballet and opera to the household group, mimicking the dog, the cat, the hens, the turkey or talking and flying about the room in lively imitation of some member of the family. She invented imaginary scenes and conversations too, and rigged up unheard of costumes from strange things rummaged out of the attic. Her father was Dr. Lyman Beecher, a well-known preacher and it was a religious household in which she lived. Harriet loved to hear her father read the Bible at family prayers. He read it in such an eager, earnest tone of admiring delight, with such an



air of intenseness and expectancy as if the Book had just been handed him out of Heaven.

Harriet's older sister, Catherine, was a master hand at making dolls. With scissors, needle, paint and other materials, she could make dolls of all sizes, sexes and colors. Once she made a Queen of Sheba with a gold crown and she seated her in a chariot made of half a pumpkin, drawn by four prancing steeds which were crook-necked squashes. Then she manufactured a negro driver and placed him above with the reins in his hands.

Favorite holidays for the Beecher children were Fourth of July and Thanksgiving when the kitchen was fragrant with the spicy smell of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and the children were set to tasks of stringing raisins, slicing orange peel for the pudding and cakes that formed an important part of the great feast. A tub of rosy apples, another of golden quinces and a bushel basket full of cranberries were set in the midst of the circle of happy children to be sorted and cut while the great fire in the wide chimney roared and crackled, lighting with its radiance the farthest corner of the room. After the glorious dinner of turkey, chicken, pudding and pies in endless variety, Dr. Beecher, following the old Puritan custom, recounted all the mercies of God in His dealings with the family. Then with the singing of the Puritan hymn, "Let children hear the mighty deeds which God performed of old," the ceremonies closed.

When Harriet was twenty-one, her father responded to a call to become the head of Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati, Ohio. The journey to the West at that time occupied many days and had something of the fascination of a wild adventure. It was made by steamboat, yacht, and stage coach. The coach was drawn by four horses and the tedium of the drive was relieved by the songs of the driver, who every now and then shouted back to his passengers a new set of stories acquired when the stage was changing horses.

For eighteen years the Beechers lived in Cincinnati. Here Harriet married Calvin E. Stowe, a professor in the Seminary, and here, since only the Ohio River separated her from slave territory, she had many opportunities to study the slavery problem. She and her friends aided many slaves who had escaped across the river, and from the lips of these fugitives she learned the story of their sufferings. Anti-slavery feeling was running high in the North and the "underground railroad" had come into existence. By means of friendly farmhouses which served as stations at convenient distances from each other, the negroes were taken at night on horseback or in covered wagons way across the state to Canada, where slavery was against the law. Mrs. Stowe grew more and more interested in the slavery problem, more and more eager to do something to help abolish the ugly system.

In 1850 she went with her husband to Brunswick, Maine, where Mr. Stowe became a professor in Bowdoin College. There, one morning when she was seated in church, she felt the strong inspiration to write a book about slavery and scene after scene unfolded itself to her. Going to her room, she locked herself in and wrote the chapter on Uncle Tom's death, and when her writing paper gave out, she used some coarse brown paper in which groceries had been wrapped. She had extraordinary household cares and six children including a new baby, yet the story possessed her. Even among such distractions she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

Uncle Tom was modeled upon a negro slave named Josiah Henson, who, in 1828 escaped into Canada and became a Methodist preacher. Many of the other characters in the book were suggested by real people. While she was visiting once in Kentucky, she discovered a quaint little Jim Crowe negro girl who was the original of Topsy, and she got the material for the dialogue between Miss Ophelia and Topsy while trying to give this wild little savage some religious instruction in a Mission Sunday

School. Said Miss Ophelia: "Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy? Do you know who made you?" "Nobody as I knows on," said the child, with a short laugh. The idea appeared to amuse her considerably, for her eyes twinkled and she said: "I 'spect I growed. Nobody ever made me."

Uncle Tom's Cabin aroused the people of the North against the evils of slavery and was one of the great forces in bringing about the Civil War. It was in many ways a one-sided picture, unfair to the better class of slave-owners in the South, and yet it depicted very real conditions existing in certain places, and it has never lost its power to touch the heart. It has been translated into more than twenty languages and presented countless times on the stage.

For many a year a procession of blood hounds through the streets of country towns and little cities, with a Topsy and an Uncle Tom and a comic negro dressed like a negro-minstrel, was notification to all the boys and girls that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would be presented that night at the town hall or the city theatre.

The Young Quaker

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (*American*, 1807-1892)

IT WAS cold in Haverhill in the winter. Sometimes the Whittier family was snowbound for days, but the house was cheery and homey with its blazing fire, and the snow without made a world of fairy beauty. John was the son of a hard-working, deeply religious Quaker family, and his days were spent in work, in quiet home joys and in husky out-of-door sports. Once he made a trip to Boston. What an event it was! With what expectation did he look forward to it, and how the whole household lent itself to furthering so great an expedition! He was not only to have a new suit of clothes, but they were, for the first time, to be trimmed with "boughten buttons," a clear mark of distinction, to the boy's way of thinking, between town and country fashion. In his fresh homespun clothes, cut after the best usage of the Society of Friends, he started bravely by the coach to pass a week with a relation, Mrs. Greene, in Boston.

Mrs. Greene greeted him with affectionate hospitality, and he sallied forth at once to the great business of seeing the sights. Up and down he wandered, up and down, but, alack, how be-

wildering did the streets appear! Somehow it wasn't at all as he had expected. The crowd grew worse and worse, thicker and thicker, more intent on jostling and pushing. Such a terrible stream of people! And they paid no heed to him whatever. He began to think his new clothes and his buttons were thrown away. Suddenly he felt very homesick. To these city folk it made no difference at all about his "boughten buttons." Sadly he went back to Mrs. Greene's to drink a cup of tea, but there he found a gay company gathered, who begged him to go to the theatre. This suggestion thoroughly shocked his careful Quaker training and completed his misery. With all his heart he longed to be at home.

John was always writing poetry which he hid from everyone but his sister Mary. One day he was helping his father to mend a fence when the postman, passing his gate, tossed him a newspaper and what should he see but one of his own verses in print! He could scarcely believe his eyes! His sister had secretly sent the poem to the *Free Press*, a paper published by that bold and sturdy foe to slavery, William Lloyd Garrison. Not long afterward Garrison came to see the poet while he was working in the cornfield and urged his father to send him to some higher school. Mr. Whittier had not the money for the purpose, but someone offered to teach the youth to make ladies' shoes and slippers during the winter. Thus he put himself through two years at Haverhill Academy.

Whittier became in time the great poet of the anti-slavery movement, and William Lloyd Garrison was always his friend. His office was burned and he was mobbed for his views, but it mattered not to him! His *Voices of Freedom* rang out like a trumpet call, nor was it till freedom was won, that his bugle notes softened into the quiet of deep religious feeling.

THE BAREFOOT BOY BARBARA FRIETCHIE MAUD MULLER IN SCHOOLDAYS

The Hoosier Poet

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (*American*, 1853-1916)

BUDDY RILEY was a sturdy, flaxen-haired little boy with wide-open blue eyes. Greenfield, Indiana, where he lived was a region of cornfields, meadows, woodlands, and orchards, and the people there spoke that racy Hoosier dialect of the pioneer days of the Middle West. Hard work and ragged clothes were Buddy's daily companions and his chief delight was a plunge in the "old swimmin' hole."

When he was twenty-two Buddy was seized with the spirit of adventure. He could not go off on a voyage in search of the Golden Fleece, but he went away in a wagon behind a pair of glossy sorrel horses in the company of a traveling doctor who sold patent medicines, a queer old faker with breezy, long, white whiskers. How delightful it was to bowl over the country. Miles and miles of somber landscape were made bright with merry song, and while the sun shone and all the golden summer lay spread out before him, it was glorious.

It was Buddy's business to write "catchy" songs and to act

in funny little plays to draw a crowd around while the doctor sold his wares. Sometimes he took a soap box and pretended it was a hand organ. Again, he wrapped a companion in buffalo robes, led him about on all fours and with a series of alarming "Woo-ahs" told the story of the *Little Boy Who Went Into the Woods to Shoot a Bear!* But when the first thrill of adventure wore off, the business seemed shabby enough and Riley soon left it to give performances of his own.

His first public appearance was in the little town of Monroeville, Indiana, and his audience was composed chiefly of the "rag-tags" of the neighborhood, a gang of rough fellows. The response to his selections was a sickening jumble of cat-calls and hisses, but he kept a stiff upper lip and finished his program. As he sat down, the village blacksmith, one of the few serious people in his audience, rose and said abruptly, "You fellows have had your fun with this young man and I think you have hurt his feelings. He has done his best to please you and has given us a pretty good show. I move we pass the hat." He dropped in two quarters for luck and passed the hat himself. When it had been the rounds and came back to Riley, it was found to contain beans, pebbles, nails, screws, tobacco quids, buttons, pieces of iron, a doorknob, a wishbone and 58 cents in money!

Thus for two years Riley went about to small towns reciting in schools and churches and generally losing money, happy and astonished if he earned enough to purchase a feast of gingerbread. For these entertainments he wrote his own poems, chiefly in the Hoosier dialect with a warmth of tender sympathy, like *Little Orphant Annie,* till at last the tide turned for him and he met with a huge success. During his later days he gave up wandering and settled down to write in his home in Indiana, one of the few gifted Americans who have created a distinctly native literature.

The Interesting History of Old Mother Goose

THE most remarkable dame in all history who was born gray-headed and yet never grows old, who perennially keeps her charm, who is ever, forever, calling out the spirit of childhood in the human heart to go gamboling with her over the green, turning somersaults, kicking up its heels, and yet learning, too, at her knee from her quaint store of sage and precious nonsense, is that beloved old creature, Old Mother Goose. Who she was, nobody knows. Her personality remains enshrouded in the most delightful mystery. But, if the truth were known, she has doubtless dwelt forever in the human heart; for her rhymes and jingles are nothing more nor less than the spontaneous bubblings of the eternal spirit of childhood, that delicious, joyous, nonsensical wisdom which is foolishness only to men.

The rhymes and jingles of Old Mother Goose are a gradual growth like the folk tales, composed at no one time by no one individual, but springing up all down through the ages, who knows how?—naturally, spontaneously, joyously, like the droll little Jack-in-the-Pulpits and Dutchmen's-Breeches of the woodland. They need no other claim to a reason for being than the pure joy of expressing that bubbling spirit (albeit sometimes by means of well

nigh meaningless words) and the everlasting delight of man in rhyme and rhythm and musical arrangement of sounds. What other excuse for existence, save its beautiful arrangement of s's, is needed by that immortal line—"Sing a Song of Sixpence!"

There have been many interesting theories as to the origin of the name Mother Goose. But the one most stoutly maintained was advanced in the quaint little volume published at Boston in the year 1833 by the firm of Munroe and Frances, under the title, *The Only True Mother Goose, without addition or abridgment, embracing also a reliable Life of the Goose Family never before published.*

According to this story a certain Thomas Fleet, born in England and brought up in a printing office in the city of Bristol, came to Boston in the year 1712 when that city was little more than an over-grown village with its narrow, crooked streets still bespeaking the cow-paths from which they sprang. Here Thomas Fleet established a printing office in that street of the delectable name, Pudding Lane, where he published small books, pamphlets and such matter as came to hand. It was not long before he became acquainted with a well-to-do family of the name of Goose, and he grew exceedingly fond of the pretty young daughter, Elizabeth Goose. Under the date June 8, 1715, there appears in the record of marriages still preserved in the historic old town hall of Boston, an entry recording the wedding by the famous Reverend Cotton Mather, of Thomas Fleet, "now residing in Pudding Lane of this city, to Elizabeth Goose."

The happy couple took up their residence in the same quaint little house with the small paned windows where the printing office was situated in Pudding Lane, and Elizabeth's mother, Old Mother Goose, went to live with them. Here various children were born to the Fleets, and Old Mother Goose, being a most devoted grandmother, was so over-joyed that she spent the greater part of her time in the nursery, pouring out to the little ones the songs and ditties which she had learned in her childhood.

The industrious father Fleet, having these ditties constantly dinned into his ears, shrewdly conceived the idea of collecting the songs and publishing them. This he did under the title, *Songs for the Nursery or Mother Goose's Melodies*, and he sold the same from the Pudding Lane shop for the price of two coppers apiece. The story further goes on to relate how a goose with a very long neck and a wide open mouth flew across the title page of the book; and Munroe and Frances solemnly announced that they had merely reprinted these wonderful original verses.

This interesting, picturesque, and delightful tale may or may not be true. Certainly the grave of Old Mother Goose remains to this very day carefully marked in one of Boston's old churchyards, where it is visited by many devoted pilgrims each year; but unfortunately, no scrap of the original book has ever been found to corroborate the claim of Messrs. Munroe and Frances. Moreover, whether the tale be true or not, it still in no way explains the origin of the name Mother Goose; for in the very childhood of Thomas Fleet, more than twenty years before his supposed publication of *Mother Goose's Melodies*, there appeared in France a little prose collection of the best known fairy tales, *Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, Toads and Diamonds, Bluebeard, Sleeping Beauty*, etc. These were written by a most distinguished French writer, Charles Perrault, were published in Paris in the year 1697, and were called *Contes de ma Mere, l'Oye*, or, *Tales of My Mother, the Goose*. On the frontispiece of his book is an old woman spinning and telling tales to a man, a girl, a boy, and a cat. It is not even known whether Perrault originated the name Mother Goose, for it is said, that long before his time, the goose had been given the reputation for story telling. Instead of saying of stories the origin of which they did not care to disclose, "A little bird told me!" people used to say, "Oh, a goose told me!" And so, after all, perhaps even the name Mother Goose belongs to the people and not to any one individual.

These tales of Perrault's, however, were all in prose while it is through her rhymes and jingles that Mother Goose has won her best-deserved fame. The first known collection of rhymes under her name was published in London about 1765, having been gathered together by John Newbery, the famous publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard, and the first publisher in the world to give special attention to children's books. It was he who published *Little Goody Two Shoes*, the story generally attributed to that prime friend of childhood, Oliver Goldsmith, who undoubtedly edited the *Mother Goose Melodies* for Newbery. In Welsh's *Life of Goldsmith* we are told that Goldsmith taught a certain little maid "Jack and Jill by two bits of paper on his fingers," and that after the successful production of his play *The Good-natured Man*, Mr. Goldsmith was so overjoyed that he sang lustily for his friends his favorite song, "about an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon."

In 1785 Newbery's edition of Mother Goose was reprinted in Worcester, Massachusetts, by Isaiah Thomas, who had married one of the grand-daughters of Thomas Fleet, and a great-grand-daughter of old Dame Goose. A very beautiful copy of this book is to be found in the Boston Library, and since the story of Thomas Fleet's edition cannot be proved, John Newbery must be accepted as the first publisher, and Isaiah Thomas as the first American publisher, of our best beloved nursery classic.

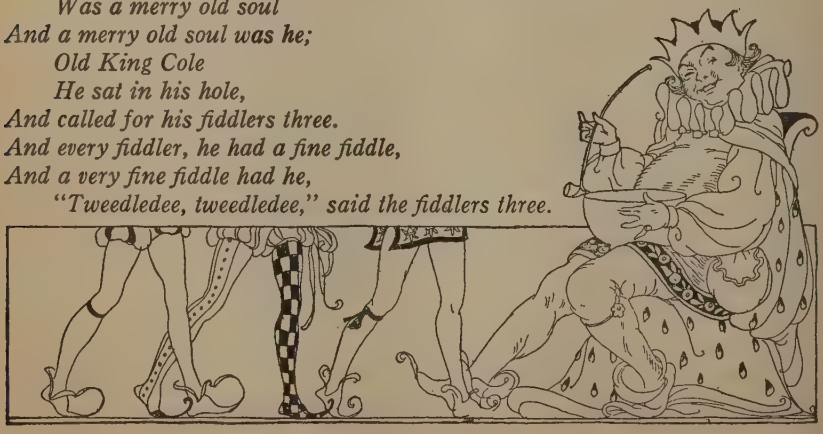
Some twenty years after the Thomas edition, another collection of nursery rhymes appeared, called *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, which contained all of the *Mother Goose Melodies* and a great many more besides, but much of this material was taken from old jest books, and was worthless and coarse, and *Gammer Gurton's Garland* never attained the popularity of Mother Goose.

In 1842, James Halliwell, a man of fine scholarship, made a careful study of the nursery rhymes of England, collected principally from oral tradition. He writes that these nonsense scraps

"have come down in England to us in such numbers that in the short space of three years the author has collected considerably more than a thousand." Besides Halliwell, many other men of the highest literary ability have edited Mother Goose.

It is intensely interesting to know how very old some of our best known rhymes are. In the preface to the Newbery edition, the writer, probably Oliver Goldsmith, says, "The custom of singing these songs and lullabies to children is of very great antiquity. It is even as old as the time of the ancient Druids. Charactacus, King of the Britons, was rocked in his cradle in the Isle of Mona, now called Anglesea, and tuned to sleep by some of these soporiferous sonnets." Old King Cole was certainly an ancient Celtic king of about the third century A. D., an original Briton, who lived even before the Angles and Saxons had come to conquer England. Dim and far away seem those days in the dawn of English history when the Druids still held sway with the dark mysteries of their religion in the dusky oak forests of England, but the whole flashes suddenly into light and life when we realize that those were the very days when

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
Old King Cole
He sat in his hole,
And called for his fiddlers three.
And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he,
"Tweedledee, tweedledee," said the fiddlers three.



Little Jack Horner, too, is probably early Celtic and was originally a long poem, containing the *Pleasant History of all Jack Horner's Witty Pranks*, of which the sticking of his thumb in the Christmas pie formed only an insignificant part.

Mother, May I Go Out to Swim? is fourteen hundred years old and comes from a jest book of the sixth century. Only to think that at the same time when minstrels were singing with wondrous dignity to courtly listeners in the great halls of the castles, the sonorous and heroic lines of the Beowulf, children in the nursery were snickering and giggling, just as we do today, over the ridiculous jingle,

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my darling daughter,
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water!

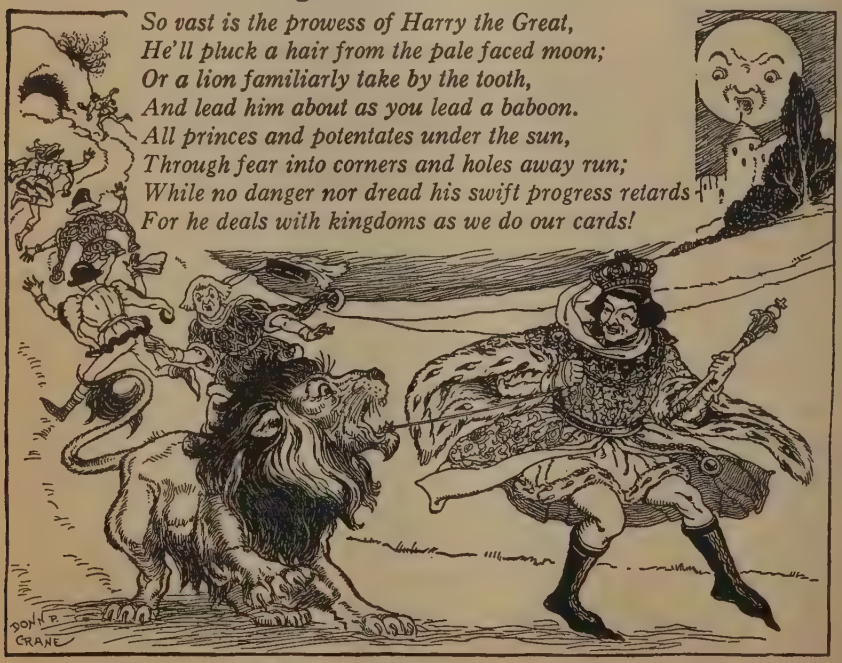
And for every man of the present time who knows the classic Beowulf, there are at least five hundred who know the jingle!

I Had a Little Husband No Bigger Than My Thumb is probably a part of Tom Thumb's History and is supposed to have originated in the tenth century from a little Danish work treating of "Swain Tomling, a man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married to a woman three ells and three quarters long."

Humpty Dumpty dates back to the days of King John in the thirteenth century. When that tyrannical gentleman was quarreling with his barons and they were forcing him to grant them the Great Charter of England, Humpty Dumpty had already begun his immortal escapade of falling off the wall, and if one were to inquire which had won the more enduring fame by his exploits, the answer would necessarily be, that granting the foundation for all the liberties of England, could never place King John in the same rank with that prime entertainer of infancy, who will apparently be performing his antics unto all generations.

The rhyme of the old woman who was tossed up in a blanket

to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky was old in the days of Henry V, in the early fifteenth century. When that strong-handed monarch set out with a mere handful of men to conquer France, the faction opposed to him in his own country, used to sing the rhyme to ridicule him and show the folly and impossibility of his undertaking, representing the King as an old woman engaged in a pursuit the most absurd and extravagant possible. But when King Henry routed the whole French army at Agincourt, taking their king and the flower of their nobility prisoners, and made himself master of France in spite of his mere handful of men, the very people who had ridiculed him began to change their minds and think no task too difficult for him. They therefore cancelled the former sonnet and sang this one:


So vast is the prowess of Harry the Great,
He'll pluck a hair from the pale faced moon;
Or a lion familiarly take by the tooth,
And lead him about as you lead a baboon.
All princes and potentates under the sun,
Through fear into corners and holes away run;
While no danger nor dread his swift progress retards
For he deals with kingdoms as we do our cards!
DON'N P. CRANE

The Queen whom Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, made the famous expedition to London to see, appears to have been Queen Elizabeth, though why Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat reported nothing more interesting at court than frightening a little mouse under a chair, when she might have held forth on the subject of Queen Elizabeth in all the glory of her satins, and jewels, and stomachers, and puffs, and ruffs, and coifs, remains a secret known only to Pussy.

Simple Simon comes from a chap-book of the Elizabethan era. These chap-books, which have furnished us with a number of our old rhymes, were small volumes filled with jokes and crude illustrations and carried about from place to place for sale by wandering peddlers or chap-men, who caught the attention of the common folk by means of a song or a jig, and then sold them not only treasures of literature but buttons, and pins and jewelry besides.

Sing a Song of Sixpence was well known in Shakespeare's time.

The unfortunate Hector Protector who was dressed all in green and met with such disfavor at the hands of the King as well as the Queen, was that doughty old Puritan, Oliver Cromwell, Lord High Protector of England, familiarly called Old Noll, who ousted Charles I from his throne and could scarcely be expected, henceforth, to be any too graciously dealt with by kings and queens.

From all this account which might be lengthened still further, it appears that Mother Goose is no mere modern upstart, but belongs to the pedigreed aristocracy of literature, and in spite of a few unworthy pranks which she has perpetrated in the form of coarse and vulgar rhymes, she must be treated with the respect which is due to so worthy and lovable an old dame.

The Origin of the Folk Tales

FROM the very dawn of human history, men and women have loved to gather together in hut or castle, around the blazing camp-fire of the savage, or the homey hearth of civilization, and tell stories. Thus have arisen among all nations and peoples collections of tales peculiar to each particular folk, breathing the very spirit of their individuality and handed down orally from parents to children through generation after generation. These are the folk tales, which, at their best, in their vigor and simplicity, their vividness and beauty of imagery, the unaffected depth of their pathos and the irresistible drollery of their humor, form the largest and best part of children's reading, the characteristics that found their expression in the childhood of the human race, maintaining an eternal appeal to childhood all down through the ages. Our best known stories, *Cinderella*, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *Sleeping Beauty* and many others are folk tales.

Although there had long ago been scattered collections of these tales, such as the wonderful *Arabian Nights*, from the Arabian and Persian and other oriental sources, first brought to the notice of Europe in the eighteenth century, and the collection of Charles

Perrault made from the French in 1697, it was during the nineteenth century that men began to be especially interested in collecting these stories, taking them down carefully from the mouths of natives, and from them studying the customs and habits of thought, even the history of the various peoples. Most notable among these collections are those made by the Grimm Brothers in Germany, and Asbjornsen and Moe from the Norse. We have collections of folk tales, however, not only from the German and Norse, the French and English, but likewise from the Gaelic, Welsh, Spanish, Scotch, Finnish, Italian, even from the Zulus and other African tribes, American Indians and Australian Bushmen. In fact we have collections from nearly every nation under the sun and most of the savage tribes besides.

From a careful study of these collections certain very interesting facts appear. In the first place, in every Aryan country, that is, every country inhabited by the white race, even those separated by the widest stretches of land and sea, the incidents, plots and characters of the tales are the very same, a few incidents common to all being put together in an endless variety of different combinations. How has it possibly come about that peoples so far apart, so long separated by space, so widely different in language and customs, as the Germans and the Hindoos for example, possess the same household tales? Everywhere among the Aryans we find legends of the ill-treated but ultimately successful younger daughter, of which Cinderella is a type. Almost every nation has some version of the Cinderella story. Cinderella herself is French, coming to us from the collection of Perrault. The real English version is the story of Catskin. In German Cinderella is Aschen-puttel; in Italian she is Cenerentola. Likewise she appears in Norwegian, Russian, Hungarian, Servian, Irish and among the tales of any number of other folk beside.

As wide spread as the story of the victorious younger daughter, is the story of the victorious younger son. He is always despised

by his elder brothers, and yet succeeds at various difficult tasks where the elders fail. Such stories are *Boots and His Brothers*, from the Norse, *The Flying Ship*, from the Russian, *The Golden Bird*, from the German, *Through the Mouse Hole*, from the Czech.

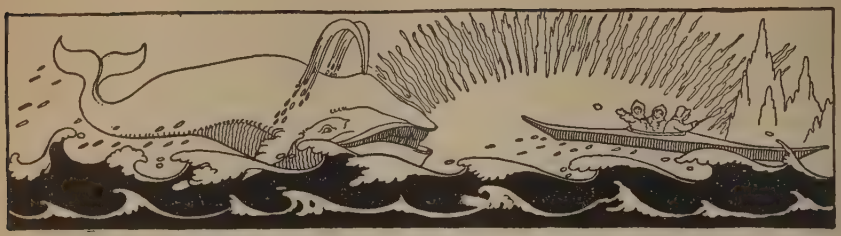
Again, everywhere are stories of the wife or daughter of some powerful and evil creature, a giant, a sea-serpent, a beast, a monster, who runs away with the hero to escape from the monster. The monster pursues and the fugitives delay him by throwing something behind them, a comb that turns into a forest, the branch of a tree that becomes a river, and so on. Everywhere, too, are stories of men that have been turned into beasts by a charm and are rescued by the faithfulness and devotion of some maiden. Such are *Beauty and the Beast* from the French, *East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon* from the Norse, *Snow-white and Rose-red* from the German, etc. Beasts, birds and fishes are capable of speech, as the Fox in the *Golden Bird*, the flounder in *The Fisherman and His Wife*. Even rocks and trees and other inanimate objects are capable of speech, as in *Boots and His Brothers*, and in all is the element of magic, resistance always giving way to the spell of certain rhymes or incantations.

It is scarcely possible to suppose that the similarity of these stories among so many different peoples can be explained by conscious borrowing, that the Scotch Highlanders for example read Russian tales or traveled into Russia and so copied Russian stories, since the common people, the peasants, who are the guardians of the ancient store of legends in every land, read little and travel less. More likely it is that long, long ago in the dim beginnings of history, when the Aryan race still lived as a single people, they already possessed many of these stories, and when they scattered from their original seat to people lands as far distant from each other as Ceylon and Iceland, they bore with them the germ at least of many of their household tales. Very possible it is too, according to Mr. Andrew Lang, that far back in the

unrecorded wanderings of man, these stories may have drifted from race to race. In his introduction to *Grimm's Household Tales*, Mr. Lang says, "In the shadowy distance of primitive commerce, amber and jade and slaves were carried half across the world by the old trade routes. It is said that oriental jade is found in Swiss lake-dwellings, that an African trade cowry (shell-money) has been discovered deep in a Cornish barrow. Folk tales might well be scattered abroad in the same manner by merchantmen gossiping over their Khan-fires, by Sidonian mariners chatting in the sounding loggia of an Homeric house, by the slave dragged from his home and passed from owner to owner across Africa or Europe, by the wife who according to primitive law had to be chosen from an alien clan."

Much of the similarity in household tales may be due to both these explanations, the common origin of the Aryan race and the unrecorded driftings of commerce, yet neither one entirely explains the matter, since many non-Aryan races possess the same tales and there is much similarity to the European tales in tales of races that have been utterly shut off from communication with the rest of the world, the Peruvians and the Aztecs in Mexico for example. Even the Cinderella story is not peculiar to the Aryan race. The first known version of it is the Egyptian story of *Rhodopis and the Little Gilded Sandals.*

The tale of the weak creature who runs away from a powerful and malevolent being, casting impediments behind to delay the pursuit of the monster, so common in European tales, is also particularly wide-spread in many non-Aryan countries. Among the Eskimos a girl marries a whale. To visit her, her two brothers build a boat of magical speed. In their company the girl flees from the whale. The whale discovers her flight and gives chase but is detained by various objects



which she throws at him, until at last she and her brothers escape and the whale is transformed into a piece of whalebone. In a Samoyed tale, two girls are fleeing from a cannibal step-mother. They throw first a comb behind them, as the mother is almost upon them, and that becomes a forest; other small objects become rivers and mountains. The same kind of feats are performed during flight in a story from Madagascar, and one from the Zulus. A Hottentot story tells of a woman's flight from an elephant. In Japan, the hero, followed by the Loathly Lady of Hades, throws down his comb and it turns into bamboo sprouts which check her approach.

The most probable explanation of the similarity in various folk tales that could not possibly be explained by transmission or a common origin, seems to be that this is due to the similarity of primitive man's imagination and intellect everywhere, no matter how separated by material barriers. Savages the world over, past and present, although utterly cut off from all association with each other, have invariably shared certain views of life. For one thing they draw no hard and fast line between themselves and the animal or inanimate world about them. To the simple mind of the savage, all things appear to live, to be capable of conscious movement and even of speech. The sun, the moon, the stars, the very ground on which he walks, the clouds, storms and lightning are all to him living, conscious beings. Animals have miraculous power and are supposed to be able to protect him as illustrated by the totems of the Alaskan Indians. Moreover, the savage

believes infallibly in magic. Everywhere we find Australians, Maoris, Eskimos, old Irish, Fuegians, Brazilians, Samoyeds, Iroquois and the rest showing faith in certain jugglers or wizards of their tribes. They believe that these men can turn themselves or their neighbors into animal shapes, that they can move inanimate objects by incantations and perform all the other rigamarole of magic.

It is most likely therefore that the remarkable similarities in the various folk tales are chiefly due to the identity of early fancy everywhere. They originated undoubtedly while the races were still uncivilized, and the unprogressive in each race preserved the old tale, while it is probable that those who forged ahead intellectually and acquired culture began to polish and perfect these old tales until they grew gradually into the myths that became the religions of the peoples.

From this explanation of the savage origin of the folk tales it becomes apparent why, with so many gems of beauty as various collections possess, there still exist side by side with these, hideous crudities and cruelties, survivals from the barbarous days of the story's origin, step-mothers designing to eat their children, tempting them into chests and letting the lid down to crush in their heads, women cooking their step-children's hearts to eat them, mothers and fathers deserting their own children to die in the woods; and it also makes clear why no scientific edition of folk tales, that is, a collection made for purely scientific study, is fit for constant literary use.

Some of the old folk-tales, as has been contended, doubtless were told to explain natural phenomena, why the sun rose and set, how the thunder-storm came, what produced the lightning, but they were not by any manner of means all designed to do this

as some students of folk-lore have insisted, explaining *Little Red Riding Hood* and nearly every other nursery tale as a sun myth. Those that were an attempt at such explanation usually frankly declare themselves to be so. For instance the myth of the man who caught the sun and anchored it to the earth is a savage attempt to explain why the sun pursues a regular course through the sky, instead of going hither and yon at will, and is found not only in the Hawaiian, but among American Indians and New Zealanders as well.

The folk tales were rather as a whole a natural expression of primitive man's imagination and intellect, his views of life, his aims and interests, without particular purpose or meaning. Gradually as his life became better ordered and richer in experience, his intellect keener and clearer, his spirit more refined, certain simple moral conceptions began to creep into his tales. Thus men the world over in lands far, far apart began to express a natural love of good temper and courtesy by tales of the good boy or girl who succeeded in enterprises where the bad boy or girl, as a punishment for churlishness or disobedience, had failed. Such stories are *The Twelve Months,* from the Bohemian, *Toads and Diamonds,* from the French. Admiration for steadfastness and devotion began to express itself in stories of the maiden who keeps on through great hardships to free her lover from evil enchantment, as in *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon* and the Russian counterpart of the same.

More and more, simple moral and ethical ideals, shared by all mankind, with no necessity for intercommunion to impart the same, the natural expression of man's growth everywhere, his higher longings and inner urgings began to form their own stories with a certain similarity among all peoples, and no one thing gives a better conception of the universal oneness of human nature, the similarity of its line of unfoldment everywhere than a glance over its old folk tales.

THE LATCH KEY

What is a Myth?

MYTH is a popular story intended to explain some natural phenomenon or some phase or problem of life. In general, a myth deals with the actions of gods, or beings possessed of divine attributes. It seems most probable that the myths were the outgrowth of the household tales and that, while the tales were preserved by the rude and uncultured among the races, the more advanced and intellectual of each folk refined these tales into the myths which gradually became the religions of the peoples.

While many of the myths are merely poetical and impossible, though beautiful, explanations of natural phenomena, as *How the Sunflower Came, Why Winter and Spring Come Every Year, etc.*, mythology as a whole means far more than that in the evolution of human thought. As men in the very beginnings of ordered thinking, began to seek for causes beneath the outward appearance of things, to question and ponder instead of blindly accepting the universe, they could not escape striving to understand the power that creates, sustains and regulates the world, from which emanates the thought and life that pervades and animates all the universe; and, being unable to conceive of that power, so diversified in the infinite variety of its manifestations and operations, as one power, one God, they conceived of it as many gods; they perceived its various attributes and qualities as these appeared in human experience, and personified each of these as a god or goddess. Thus, when they perceived wisdom, truth, beauty, etc., to be vital and powerful elements of human life that must have a source somewhere, instead of conceiving of one God who is all wisdom, beauty, truth, bountifulness, productivity, strength, life, light and love, they conceived of a god or goddess who gave wisdom, a god or goddess who gave life, a god or goddess of beauty,

a god or goddess of truth, bounty, productivity, strength, etc. Instead of one God whose power embraces the universe, there was a god of the earth, a god of the sea, etc., and humanity's innate perception of its own necessity for seeking divine help, help outside its own inadequate capacities, in time of trouble, expressed itself in seeking protection from the various gods, each of which was endowed with that protective power which belongs truly to God.

Thus early man's system of gods was only human thought in a state of evolution crudely and imperfectly recognizing the various attributes of the one God, naming and classifying the various unseen elements that go to make up life, commencing definitely, if slowly, to distinguish between good and evil. And back of their manifold gods, the myth-makers nearly all dimly perceived the idea of one power in an Odin or Jove who was All-father and supreme. It is said that the early Egyptian priests, though their religion always possessed far more points of dissimilarity than of similarity to the Hebrew, still possessed very distinctly this secret of one God, one Cause and Creator of the universe, and Mr. Prescott tells us in his *Conquest of Mexico*, that even the Aztecs, evolving their religion so utterly apart from the rest of the world, recognized, in spite of their barbarous myths of many gods, the existence of a supreme creator and Lord of the Universe. "They addressed him in their prayers as 'the God by whom we live,' 'omnipresent, that knoweth all thoughts, and giveth all gifts,' 'without whom man is as nothing,' 'invisible, incorporeal, one God, of perfect perfection and purity,' 'under whose wings we find repose and sure defence.' These sublime attributes infer no inadequate conception of the true God." He tells us furthermore, in *The Conquest of Peru*, "It is a remarkable fact, that many, if not most, of the rude tribes inhabiting the vast American continent, however disfigured their creeds may have been in other respects by a childish superstition, had attained to the sublime conception of one Great Spirit, the Creator

of the Universe, who, immaterial in his own nature, was not to be dishonored by an attempt at visible representation, and who, pervading all space, was not to be circumscribed within the walls of a temple."

However much men still confused good and evil, sensual and spiritual qualities, in defining the nature of their gods, early mythology represents at least a pressing forward of primitive human thought toward explanations of the universe, toward some comprehensive grasp of the unseen force behind creation, and some attempt to sort out good from evil; and however great the jumble of superstitions with which the truth was still overlaid, each nation pressed just so far along this line of discovery as its particular thought was capable of reaching, untouched by the supreme truth which came with Christianity.

Early myth-makers personified not only the qualities and elements which they perceived to be good in human existence, but also those elements which they perceived to be evil, sometimes as gods, as in the case of the Norse Loki, god of mischief and evil, father of sorrow and death, but more often as hideous monsters, giants or trolls. In the Norse, these personifications of evil were often creatures of mist and darkness, of lies and illusion, which must disappear before the light, certainly, not an unintelligent conception of evil, and the Norse not only set forth in their myths the material warfare of warmth and light against cold and darkness, but they set forth also the warfare of good against evil. In the Persian, the Children of Light war against the spells and illusions of the Children of Darkness, the Deevs, and again, the material sense of light wiping out darkness, has the deeper meaning of spiritual truth and enlightenment wiping out evil.

In many of their myths the Norsemen reached a very lofty and beautiful conception of things. In the god Baldur, they honored all that was beautiful, eloquent, wise and good. He was the spirit of activity, joy and light. Even Thor, though he was

degraded into a war god, seems at his best, in his encounters with the giants from the land of mists and winter, the land of lies and illusions, rather to have stood for that strong spiritual force that gives battle to evil, than a creator of strife among men, and his thunderbolt for no destructive force, but for that beneficent power that smites the chains of winter and sets free the life-giving showers of spring. The Norse attain a high spiritual level, too, in their conception of the final disappearance of this world, with the twilight of the gods, and the appearance of a new heaven and a new earth, an earth wherein goodness only dwells, an earth filled with abundance, regenerated and purified, where Baldur will come again with light and life, with wisdom, joy and goodness, and all evil ceases, for Loki is no more.

Though all nations have had their myths, and many, the East Indians for example, have an enormous jumble, the Greek and Norse mythologies are the most complete and orderly. The Greek myths show a love of beauty and brightness, of warmth and color, that makes the Norse look somewhat dark and somber by contrast, yet the Greeks retained far more of the sensuous element and attained far less of the spiritual than the Norse. There are, nevertheless, many very beautiful Greek myths. There are the story of Hercules, his patience and his labors to free mankind from the various monsters, the myth of Echo and Narcissus, wherein the youth who loves only himself finds nothing but misery, unsatisfied longing and final death, the beautiful story of that dear old couple, Baucis and Philemon. All these and many others show true and right conceptions of things, and indicate that mythology, though it always remained a confused mixture of barbarism and beauty, with far more superstition than truth, and though it could never possibly have attained anything like the moral and spiritual height which a wholly consecrated, inspired, and persistent demand for truth did attain on the hills of Judea, holds nevertheless, much of beauty and lasting truth.

The World's Great Epics

AN EPIC is an heroic narrative, sometimes in prose, but most often in poetry, treating in heroic style a theme of heroic proportions. Its unity generally consists in the fact that all the incidents are grouped about one central hero. These stories were told and sung by wandering bards in hall and castle from generation to generation, until at last some poet appeared, of sufficient genius to write down the tale and give it permanent form in the peculiar style and rhythm of his own country.

THE greatest of all the world's epics, the *Iliad** and *Odyssey**—are attributed to Homer, who is said to have lived between 1050 and 850 B. C. For centuries they were publicly recited in the stately marble porticoes of Greek dwellings or on the dappled lawns of temple groves overlooking the blue Aegean. The *Iliad* or *Achilliad* relates the story of the Trojan War, and centers about the hero, Achilles. The *Odyssey* is the tale of the wanderings of Ulysses, or Odysseus, after the fall of Troy. Very like the Greek epics is the *Aeneid* of Virgil, the story of the wanderings of the Trojan, Aeneas.

*The Adventures of Odysseus *by Padraic Colum.* The Iliad for Boys and Girls *by A. J. Church.*
The Odyssey for Boys and Girls *by A. J. Church.* The Aeneid for Boys and Girls *by A. J. Church.*

Next in antiquity to the Greek epics is the Persian epic, *Shah-Nameh**, or Book of Kings, of which Rustem is a hero. This book was composed by the poet Abul Kasim Mansur about 920 A. D. Abul Kasim sang so sweetly that his master, the Shah, termed him Firdusi, or Singer of Paradise.

*The Story of Rustem *by Renninger.*

Following the Persian we have the two great East Indian sacred epics, the *Mahabharata** and the *Ramayana.** The *Ramayana* was composed in Sanscrit some five hundred years before Christ,

and is a strange mixture of the wildest and most preposterous legends with the truest and deepest philosophy. The poem is generally attributed to Valmiki, a hermit who dwelt on the bank of the Ganges. One day it chanced that Valmiki saw one bird of a happy pair slain, and he made use of so strange and expressive a meter in singing the pity stirred in his heart at the sight, that the god Brahma, the one supreme God of the Hindus, immediately bade him employ the same meter in narrating the adventures of Rama, who is supposed to be one of the seven appearances in the flesh of the god Vishnu, the preserver of men.

*THE INDIAN STORY BOOK (*Tales from the Ramayana and Maha-Bharata*) *by Richard Wilson.*

THE oldest epic in Europe is the Finnish* *Kalevala, Land of Heroes.* Although the *Kalevala* was not written down until the first half of the nineteenth century, when Topelius and Lönnrot painstakingly took it from the mouths of the people, it incorporates within it poems that doubtless date back some three thousand years into Finnish antiquity. The *Kalevala* relates the ever varying contests between the Finns and Laplanders, Light and Darkness, Good and Evil, the Finns signifying Light and Good, the Laplanders Darkness and Evil. The chief beauty of the poem is its wonderful rhythm and its splendid flights of imagination.

The poet who sang the song somewhere in the dim past says,

"Nature was my only teacher,
Woods and waters my instructors,"

and certainly, the rhythm of the poem does ring and trip and ripple with the very spirit of winds and waves and woodlands. Longfellow copied the strange rhythm of *Kalevala,* its alliterative use of words and its delightful repetitions, very perfectly in *Hiawatha.* *THE SAMPO, *Hero Tales from the Finnish Kalevala, by James Baldwin.*

The best known of the Norse epics is the *Volsunga Saga**, the tale of Sigurd and Sigmund, descendants of Volsunga. It tells the famous story of how Sigurd slew the dragon, Fafnir, and how he broke through the ring of fire to rescue Brynhild, the Valkyr, from her long doom of sleep. The *Nibelungenlied*, the German story of the accursed golden hoard of the Nibelungs or dwarfs, was taken from the *Volsunga Saga*. A more beautiful Norse epic is the *Saga of Frithjof*.

*SIEGFRIED, THE HERO OF THE NORTH *by Ragozin*. THE STORY OF SIEGFRIED *by James Baldwin*.
SIGURD THE VOLSUNG *by Morris*. FRITHJOF, THE VIKING OF NORWAY *by Ragozin*.

IN ENGLISH the *Beowulf* is our oldest epic. It was doubtless composed before the Angles and Saxons left Europe and settled in Britain. Among the Angles and Saxons the art of poetry was very generally cultivated and the harp was passed around at feasts that every guest might play and sing. Besides this, there were professional poets called in Old English, "scops or gleomen," who either travelled from place to place, or held permanent positions at the courts of chieftains or kings. These poets set out to sing of real events, but gradually they magnified the deeds of which they sang, and as the true event on which the poem was founded, receded into the past, the hero came to be pictured as enormously greater and stronger than he actually was, his deeds as infinitely more wonderful, until he became a sort of demi-god. Beowulf is held to have been a real person thus magnified, and stories about him arose among the Angles and Saxons in Europe in the seventh century A. D. These poems were originally heathen, which accounts for the mingling of heathen and Christian elements in the epic as we have it, for it was brought by the Anglo-Saxons to England, gradually transformed as they be-

came Christian, and written down at last by some Northumberland monk.

Though the scene of the poem is not England, the social conditions it depicts, the style in which it is written, and the virtues which it exalts, are thoroughly English.

Like all Old English poetry, *Beowulf* is not in meter. The characteristic of Old English verse was a line divided in the middle by a pause and marked by alliteration, two words in the first half of the line beginning with the same letter as one word at least in the second half of the line, as for example: "How deeds of daring were done by their athelings." Another interesting characteristic of Old English verse is the use of a phrase to imply a thing instead of the direct name for the thing, as, for example, calling the sea the whale-path or swan-road, and the sword the battle-friend, which makes for a lively descriptive style and lends an interesting variety to the whole.

Next in the story of the English epic is the Arthurian Cycle, a number of epics or romances about King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table. Arthur was probably a noble Celtic King of Britain in the early days of the Saxon invasion, but his original character was gradually transformed by story-tellers until, by the end of the twelfth century, he had become merely an ideal king by means of whom chivalry could express its highest aims and ideals. The best known English version of these tales was by Thomas Mallory and was written in prose. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* are the Arthurian legends still further idealized and put into poetry.

The beloved Robin Hood story was compiled from some two score old English ballads, some going as far back as the year 1400, and all full of the Englishman's love for merry humor.

THE BOY'S KING ARTHUR *by Sidney Lanier.* THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD *by Howard Pyle.*
NORTHLAND HEROES (BEOWULF AND FRITHJOF) *by Florence Holbrook.*
UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT *by Royde Smith.*

In Ireland there were three great cycles of poetry sung by the old Gaelic bards long years ago when Ireland was still pagan and had her own Irish gods. These cycles consisted of scattered poems never put into one great whole, and the finest and most Irish of them all is the one dealing with Cuculain or Cuchulain and the Knights of the Red Branch. Cuculain and his friends are historical characters, seen as it were, through mists of love and wonder. The large manner of this antique Gaelic literature wipes out all littleness in its presence. Nothing small in the heart of man can stand before real sympathy with the enormous simplicity of this heroic tale of primitive Irish life.

THE CUCHULAIN *by Standish O'Grady.* THE BOY'S CUCHULAIN *by Eleanor Hull.*

The national epic in France bears the characteristic name, *Chanson de Geste*, or *Song of Deeds*, because the *trouveres* and the troubadours wandered from castle to castle singing the deeds of their lords. The greatest cycle of these chansons, of which there were three, dealt with Charlemagne, the champion of Christianity, and his twelve faithful paladins or peers.

THE STORY OF ROLAND *by James Baldwin.* FRITHJOF AND ROLAND *by Ragozin.*

In Spain the great epic poem is the *Cid*, written about 1200 A. D., a compilation from ballads already in existence. Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the Cid, was born about 1030 A. D. and his heroic deeds were performed at a time when Christian kings were making special efforts to eject the Moors from Europe.

THE STORY OF THE CID *by Wilson.*

More Short Stories from Life

ALDEN, RAYMOND MACDONALD (*American*, 1874-) Author of *Why the Chimes Rang.*
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM (*Irish*, 1824-1889) *Day and Night Songs, Rhymes for Young Folks.*
ALMA-TADEMA, SIR LAURENCE (*Belgian-English*, 1836-1912) Painter of antique life.
ASBJÖRNSEN, PETER CHRISTEN (*Norse*, 1812-1885) With Jorgen Moe, the first collector of Norse Folk Tales. *Norwegian Popular Stories*, translated by Sir George Dasent.
BACON, JOSEPHINE DASKAM (*American*, 1876-) Writer of stories. *Biography of a Baby, On Our Hill, The Imp and the Angel, Smith College Stories.*
BAILEY, CAROLINE SHERWIN (*American*, 1877-) Kindergarten teacher, writer and lecturer. *For the Children's Hour, Stories Children Need, Tell Me Another Story.*
BATES, CLARA DOTY (*American*, 1838-1895) Writer for children.

WILLIAM BLAKE (*English*, 1757-1827)

William Blake was the first English poet to know the thoughts and feelings of little children. In his *Songs of Innocence* he saw straight into the heart of the little child and for the first time uttered what was there in poetry. Blake was an engraver, and he decorated his poems with beautiful designs which were afterwards colored by hand. But he did not see as other men saw. To him all outward things seemed but a veil to hide some living Presence that always trembled through it. All earth and air seemed to quiver and palpitate with living wings. He said he saw the spangled wings of angels in a tree at Peckham Rye and Elijah walking in the haying fields. Then, alas, men said he was mad; he lost the joyousness with which he had written *Songs of Innocence* and wrote the sad and bitter *Songs of Experience.*

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Little lamb, who made thee,
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead?

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL (*American* contemporary) *The Lonesomest Doll, John of the Woods.*
BROWNE, FRANCES (*Irish*, 1816-1879) Blind, yet described most vivid scenes. *Granny's Wonderful Chair.*
BURGESS, GELETT (*American*, 1868-) Author and Illustrator of whimsical children's books. *The Lively City o' Ligg, Goops and How to be Them.*
BURGESS, THORNTON (*American*, 1874-) Writer of animal stories for children. *The Adventures of Peter Cottontail, The Burgess Bird Book.*

JOHN BURROUGHS (*American*, 1837-1921)

John Burroughs lived on a nine-acre farm on the Hudson River about eighty miles from New York City. Once he had been a clerk in the treasury department at Washington but he loved to study nature too well to prosper in an office. And so he bought a farm and built himself a cabin which he called Slabsides. The outside of this cabin was covered with chestnut bark in which Burroughs used to stick bits of food and nuts for the birds to feed upon. Here he spent many happy hours and wrote many articles and books on birds and nature lore. Here, too, President and Mrs. Roosevelt came to visit him and, afterwards, many times, Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford. In 1908 Burroughs forsook Slabsides for Woodchuck Lodge, a little farm house on the home farm near Roxbury in the Catskills where he was born. Woodchuck Lodge took its name from the little woodchucks that darted in and out of the barn and made friendly visits to the gentle, white-haired old man as he sat at his work. The names of his books flash across one's fancy beautiful and vivid pictures of the nature he loved, *Wake Robin*, *Fresh Fields* and *Winter Sunshine*.

BYNNER, WITTER (*American*, 1881-) Poet, conspicuous as a writer of free verse.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (*English*, 1788-1824)

STORMY life was that of the handsome little Lord Byron, an English boy with a hot-tempered Scotch mother, who was capable of tearing a dress to bits if she fell into a fit of anger. His father had wasted both his own fortune and his wife's, though Mrs. Byron was a lady of the highest rank, claiming descent from the kings of Scotland. The boy was brought up in poverty in a little Scotch town with a nurse both cruel and neglectful. At ten years of age he inherited the title and the ruined estate of his great uncle, Lord Byron. A shy and lonely lad he was, yet capable of the fieriest attachments. If he loved animals, it was of a ferocious kind. A bear, a wolf and a bull dog were his pets at different periods. From his birth he had been lame, and he let this misfortune poison his soul, unlike the sweet tempered Sir Walter Scott who was also lame from babyhood. When Byron began to write, he slashed and cut at life savagely. In most of his work is a scowling brow and a curling lip, yet his poetry was much admired in his day in England.

In spite of his lameness, Lord Byron was a good sportsman. He excelled particularly in swimming, and once, like Leander, he swam across the Hellespont. So headstrong was he, however, that his whole life was darkened by his own ungoverned passions. His restlessness often drove him to travel and he described his travels in Europe in the poem *Childe Harold*, which made him famous. Having wasted his youth, he determined to redeem himself in 1823 by going to help the Greek people who were struggling to free themselves from the outrageous rule of the Turks; but while he still labored for the Greeks he was taken ill and died.

CARMAN, BLISS (*Canadian*, 1861-1929) Poet, author of *Songs from Vagabondia*.

CATHER, KATHERINE DUNLAP (*American* contemporary) Author of *Educating by Story Telling* and *Boyhoods of Famous Men*.

CAWEIN, MADISON JULIUS (*American*, 1865-1914) Poet, born in Kentucky.

CHAMISSO, ALBERT VON (1781-1838) Noble French boy brought up in Germany, wrote in German.

CHAPMAN, ARTHUR (*American*, 1873-) Poet, born in Rockford, Illinois. Lived in Denver. *Out Where the West Begins*, *Cactus Center*.

CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD (*American* contemporary) Poet. *Afternoons of April*.

COOKE, EDMUND VANCE (*Canadian*, 1866-) Poet, author of *Chronicles of a Little Tot*.

COOKE, FLORA J. (*American* contemporary) Author of *Nature Myths for Children.*

COOLIDGE, SUSAN (*American,* 1848-1894) Author of *The Katy Did Series.*

COOPER, GEORGE (*American,* 1840-) Writer of songs and poems for children.

COX, PALMER (*Canadian,* 1840-1924).

CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCH (*English,* 1827-87) *Adventures of a Brownie, The Little Lame Prince.*

CRANDALL, C. H. (*American,* 1858-) Editor of *New York Tribune.* Author of *Wayside Music.*

CROKER, THOMAS CROFTON (*Irish,* 1798-1854) Author of *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland.*

DASENT, SIR GEORGE WEBB (*English,* 1817-1896) Scholar and Author who wrote chiefly of the Norse. *The Norsemen in Ireland, Heroes of Iceland, Story of Burnt Njal, Vikings of the Baltic.*

DICKINSON, EMILY (*American,* 1830-1886) Poet. Born and lived all her life at Amherst, Mass.

DODGE, MARY MAPES (*American,* 1836-1905) Author of *Hans Brinker* and *Donald and Dorothy.*

DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN (*American,* 1795-1820) Poet, of the same family as Admiral Drake.

EATON, WALTER PRITCHARD (*American,* 1878-) Author of *Boy Scouts in Glacier Park* and *On the Edge of the Wilderness.*

EELLS, ELSIE SPICER (*American*) Author of *Tales of Enchantment from Spain* and *Fairy Tales from Brazil.*

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO (*American,* 1803-1882) Essayist, Philosopher and Poet. See *Little Women,* Page 43.

EWING, JULIANA HORATIA (*English,* 1841-1885) Writer of children's stories. *Jackanapes, Lob-lie-by-the-fire, Jan of the Windmill.*

FAULKNER, GEORGENE (*American,* 1873-) Author of *Old Russian Tales* and *Italian Story Book.*

FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS (*American,* 1862-1930) For years secretary to Oliver Wendell Holmes. Author of quaint, homely New England stories. *In Colonial Times, Young Lucretia.*

GALSWORTHY, JOHN (*English,* 1867-) One of the most distinguished novelists and dramatists in England.

GARLAND, HAMLIN (*American,* 1860-) Author of *Boy Life on the Prairie* and *The Long Trail.*

GAUTIER, JUDITH (*French,* 1850-1917) Daughter of the famous novelist Theophile Gautier, and wife of Pierre Loti, another noted writer. Author of *The Memoirs of a White Elephant.*

GRAHAME, KENNETH (*Scotch,* 1858-) *The Golden Age, Dream Days, The Wind in the Willows.*

GRIFFIS, WILLIAM ELLIOT (*American,* 1843-) Author of Japanese, Korean, Dutch, Swiss and Welsh fairy tales.

GRIMM, WILHELM (1786-1859) and JACOB (1785-1863) Collectors of German folk tales.

HALE, SARAH JOSEPHA (*American,* 1788-1879).

HARRISON, ELIZABETH (*American* contemporary) One of the founders of the National Kindergarten College and author of *In Storyland.*

HEADLAND, ISAAC TAYLOR (*American,* 1859-) Missionary and Collector of Chinese nursery rhymes.

HERFORD, OLIVER (*English-American* contemporary) Author of *Artful Anticks.*

HOGG, JAMES, *The Ettrick Shepherd* (*Scotch,* 1770-1835) A shepherd poet befriended by Scott.

HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT (*American,* 1819-1881) Founder of *Scribner's Monthly* which was later the *Century Magazine.*

HOOD, THOMAS (*English,* 1799-1845) Poet.

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN (*American,* 1837-1920) Born in Ohio. Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* for many years and founder of that school of writers which portrays commonplace American life. *The Flight of Pony Baker, Christmas Every Day.*

INGELOW, JEAN (*English,* 1820-1897) Author of *Mopsa, the Fairy* and *Stories Told to a Child.*

JACOBS, JOSEPH (*British,* born in Australia, 1854-1916) Editor of *English Fairy Tales, Celtic Fairy Tales.*

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (*American*, 1831-1885)

Helen Hunt Jackson, impetuous and big of heart, once heard two Indians in Boston telling the story of their unjust treatment at the hands of the white men. At once she determined to make her life work the bettering of conditions among the Indians. She thought she would write a novel which should strike home to the hearts of the American people and rouse them to sympathy for the sorrows of the Redmen. Accordingly, she began *Ramona.*

She spent six months in Southern California, making friends with the old Spanish families, seeking their aid in her just cause. She visited the Missions themselves and sought to live over again in fancy the sorrowful history of the Indians. So full of her subject was she that her book fairly wrote itself and aroused all America. The Indians themselves adored her, and she did not rest till she had appealed to the government at Washington to preserve for them some part of their beloved home-land, so much of which had been wrested from them by the white men. Her work resulted in many reforms in the policy of the Indian bureau at Washington. *Nelly's Silver Mine, Ramona, Cat Stories.*

JEWETT, SARAH ORNE (*American*, 1849-1909) A Maine woman who wrote stories of New England. *The Country of the Pointed Firs, Betty Leicester, Deephaven.*

JOHNSON, CLIFTON (*American*, 1865-)Editor of *Oak Tree Fairy Book, The Birch Tree Fairy Book.*

JORDAN, DAVID STARR (*American*, 1851-1931) Born in New York. The first president of Leland Stanford University and a scientist of renown. *The Book of Knight and Barbara, True Tales of Birds and Beasts.*

JOYCE KILMER (*American*, 1886-1918)

Joyce Kilmer's days were long, long days of real work in the office of the *New York Times*, and his home in a greenery suburb was a place full of babies and boundless week-end hospitality. He was an active young fellow, full of mirth and keen zest in life, and above all, he was a man. The more of a poet he became, the less like a poet he acted. When the United States entered the World War, he enlisted at once as a common soldier and went to France. It was the "pleasantist war he had ever attended," he wrote back on a post card. "Nice war, nice people, nice country, nice everything." But in spite of his joking he felt to the heart the meaning of that great struggle. And so he wrote of the soldier over-seas:

For Freedom's sake he is no longer free,
It is his task, the slave of liberty,
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.
That pain may cease he yields his flesh to pain,
To banish war, he must a warrior be;
He dwells in Night, Eternal Dawn to see,
And gladly dies abundant life to gain.

He was constantly in the thick of the fighting, spending his days in dug-outs with star-shells bursting around, and the tattoo of machine guns ever in his ears. One day he reported that a little wood harbored some enemy guns and he was sent in the lead of a patrol to establish their exact location. A couple of hours later a battalion advanced into the woods to clear the spot of the enemy and several of Kilmer's comrades caught sight of him lying as if still scouting with his eyes bent over a little ridge. So like himself he was that they called to him, but he never answered. They found him with a bullet through his head. Reverence, enthusiasm, simplicity, faith—these were the stuff of his poems.

The Peacemaker *Main Street* *Lullaby for a Baby Fairy*

CHARLES KINGSLEY (*English*, 1819-1875)

IN THE rocky coast of Devonshire lies the queer little fishing village of Clovelly that goes tumbling down from the top of the cliff to the bright blue waters of the bay below, its little cobblestone street so steep that mules can scarcely climb it, and its tiny white cottages clinging, goodness knows how! to the rock, each peering curiously over the roof of the one below. In Clovelly a group of old fishermen may always be found, sunning themselves on benches, looking far out to sea and telling wild tales of the ocean. Here the rector's small son, Charles Kingsley, used often to come to hear the old tars tell their stories, and the life of the hardy fishermen, their toils and dangers stirred him deeply. Indeed he loved all Devonshire—its moors and fens, its fragrant country lanes.

But by and by, young Charles had to leave his beautiful Devonshire and go to King's College in London. How he hated life in the city! Often he dreamed of leaving the University and going to America to be a trapper and hunter in the west. Just then, however, he fell deeply in love with a certain young lady whose parents could not welcome a penniless student. So he made haste to finish his schooling and became the curate of Eversley.

Full of boyish fun and overflowing vitality was the young curate of Eversley though he was deeply religious, too, and worked with tireless enthusiasm. Soon he began to write pamphlets and books on all the great topics that stirred men's minds in his day, and so vigorously did he write that his influence spread far beyond the limits of his parish. Slowly he rose to be one of the great men of his time and Chaplain to Queen Victoria.

Water Babies *The Heroes* (Greek Fairy Tales) *Westward Ho!*

LA FONTAINE, JEAN DE (*French*, 1621-1695) *Fables in Rhyme*, illustrated by John Rae. *La Fontaine's Fables*, illustrated by Boutet de Monvel.

RUDYARD KIPLING (*English*, 1865-)

In India the sun pours down on miles of yellow desert sand, dotted here and there by the blue waters of a sparkling lake or river. Whirling dust-clouds rise high in the air, making it necessary for the traveler to bind his face for protection.

There are forests where monkeys chatter among the bright colored trees the livelong day. Little striped squirrels whisk merrily about, green parrots perch on distant boughs, and tigers, leopards and wolves abound. There are cities with street bazaars, ragged urchins, beggars, and holy men always in evidence.

In this enchanting land of gypsies and camels and bullock carts, Rudyard Kipling spent the first six years of his life, for his father was a professor in the Bombay School of Art. When Rudyard was six years old, he and his younger sister were sent to England to live with relatives, and he carried with him many a tale learned from his native Indian nurse.

At thirteen he entered the United Services School in Devon where he experienced the joys and hardships related in *Stalky & Company.*

Then followed seven more years in India at Lahore, where his father was curator at the Government Museum—the "Wonder House" mentioned in "Kim." Here he drank deeply of the spirit of India which he has so charmingly revealed in the *Jungle Books.* He made leisurely journeys through India, Japan, South Africa and the United States. In Brattleboro, Vermont, he labored with his own hands to build himself a house which he christened "The Naulahka;" and in this pleasant, green mountain retreat he wrote the *Jungle Books* and *Captains Courageous.*

Later he moved to a beautiful country estate near Burwash in England, and there news was brought him in 1907 that he had won the Nobel Prize for literature.

LARCOM, LUCY (*American*, 1826-1893). *Poems for Children.*

EMMA LAZARUS (*American*, 1849-1887)

Emma Lazarus was a young Jewish girl, shy and sensitive. As a child she lived in a world of poetry and books and she was only fifteen when she published her first volume of verse. Sombre, tragic poems they were, breathing the tragic spirit of her race. The girl worshiped Emerson; he was deeply interested in her and wrote her what books to read and study. After the outrages against the Jews in Russia and Germany in 1881, she threw herself heart and soul into the movement against such barbarism. Not only did she write poetry in a crusade of protest but she worked untiringly among the terror-stricken immigrants who flocked into this country and began studying the language, literature and history of her race. Such a woman could well understand what America meant to the poor and oppressed of Europe.

LEAR, EDWARD (*English*, 1812-1888) Author of the child classic *Nonsense Rhymes*.

MAUD LINDSAY (*American*, 1874-)

Way down south in Alabama, one trudges up a red clay hill over a queer little road through friendly woods and then at last he catches a glimpse of the Florence Free Kindergarten, founded by Maud Lindsay. A few little children, brown as the falling leaves from their healthful life in the open, are playing about the school, but it is Aunt Julia who first introduces the visitor into the ways of the Kindergarten, for Miss Maud has gone tramping off over the hill to take the morning groups of children back to their homes in the Cherry Cotton Mills district. Aunt Julia is a comfortable old black mammy. If any child is hard to handle he is turned over to Aunt Julia, for Aunt Julia herself has the heart of a child. If one is shy and afraid of the other children, Aunt Julia plays with him until he has forgotten all about himself and entered into the others' interests.

"Me an' Miss Maud been teachin' up hyar fo' twenty-five years," says Aunt Julia.

So in a little corner of Alabama, far away from the fashionable kindergartens of the east, this gentle Alabama lady, founder of the first free kindergarten in the state, devotes her days to starting the little children of the cotton mill workers on the way to education and right living. Here they are gently surrounded with beauty, courtesy, kindness and love, with constructive play and wholesome stories, for Miss Maud has given much of her time to writing the right kind of stories for children. Here in her kindergarten are nourished the simplicity, courtesy, and sincerity so characteristic of the old South.

Little Missy *Silverfoot* *Mother Stories* *More Mother Stories*

LOTHROP (Margaret Sidney) (*American*, 1844-) Author of *The Five Little Peppers* series.

LOWELL, AMY (*American*, 1874-1925) A poet conspicuous for her use of free verse.

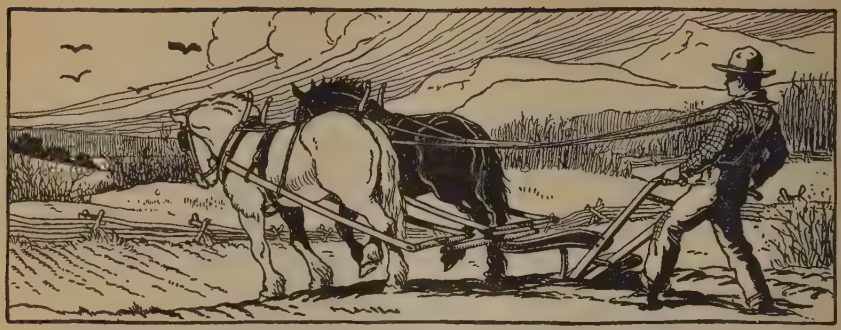
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (*American*, 1819-1891) Poet. *The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

GEORGE MACDONALD (*Scotch*, 1824-1905)

George MacDonald was a minister, teacher, and writer whose heart overflowed with charity for all. He was never very well off and his house was full with eleven children, yet he frequently added to his family by taking in children in need. From the letters of his name he once made this anagram in Old English, "Corage, God Mend Al." These words he used as a motto on his book-plate, and they became the battle cry of his life. Plenty of troubles assailed him; but whatever the tragedy, he would say "Corage, God Mend Al," and with his wife's help start afresh. His best works are his beautiful stories for children.

At the Back of the North Wind *The Princess and Curdie* *The Princess and the Goblin*

MARE, WALTER DE LA (*English*, 1873-) One of the foremost modern poets, noted for his child-rhymes and his fairy rhymes. Author of *Peacock Pie* and *Down-adown-derry*.



CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM (*American*, 1852-)

A five-year-old boy went from Oregon City to live with his widowed mother and deaf and dumb brother on a lonely ranch in California. Here he worked at farming, blacksmithing, herding, and for a long time the only books he had were Byron's poems and Pope's translation of the *Iliad* which he read and reread as he lay wrapped in a blanket by the fire till sleep overcame him. His mother was poor and stern. She seemed to care little about his education. So one day the boy ran away from home to work with a band of threshers in the hope that he might earn enough to go to school. One day a strapping, six-foot member of the threshing crew with jet black hair and keen glance said to Edwin: "Wait a minute, young man. I've studied you for six weeks. You've got the head on you and just the grit of the fellow I want. I hold up stages!" Edwin listened with all his ears. "I want a man of nerve to hold the gun. I've watched you and you can do it. Up to this time I've had to do it alone,—hold the gun in one hand, take the coin and jewelry with the other and dump the booty into the sack tied around me. All you've got to do is to hold the gun!" Needless to say, Edwin refused the invitation, but he felt a real thrill at being judged a boy of grit, with a good head on his shoulders. At this crucial moment Mrs. Markham appeared to claim her romantic boy-adventurer, and joy to his hungry heart! ordered him home to prepare for school. Since the money was still lacking, however, Edwin hired out to a neighbor to plough twenty acres of land at a dollar an acre, and so at last the coveted school books were secured.

In college Markham supported himself by teaching Freshman classes while doing Sophomore and Junior work, and he and four other students lived in a bare room high up under the college bell-tower, cooking their own meals which consisted chiefly of beans, and now and then writing poems. When he left college he taught school and worked for a year as a blacksmith.

When he began writing verse for the California papers he met with great success and he lived in an eyrie hillside retreat beside a little canyon on the slope of Redwood Peak in California. His best known poem is "*The Man With the Hoe*" written after he had seen Millet's famous picture of that name. Like the picture, the poem is a tender portrait bringing out all the simple dignity of toil. At length Markham proceeded alone to New York where he was so well received that he telegraphed his wife at once in a characteristic message. "Sell everything but the baby and the books and come on." To New York he brought all the love of men and nature, which he had learned as a thresher and blacksmith in California.

MEREDITH, GEORGE (*English*, 1822-1909) One of England's greatest novelists. *The Shaving of Shagpat* (An Arabian Nights Tale).

JOHN MILTON (*English*, 1608-1674)

John Milton was a Puritan, a born rebel from his boyhood, a lover of liberty and a hater of tyranny in an age when the Stuart kings were assuming more and more power for the crown of England. Milton was a comrade of Oliver Cromwell when he forced Charles I from the throne and had him beheaded. When Cromwell became Protector of England, Milton was his Secretary for Foreign tongues and during that time became totally blind.

With Cromwell's death and the return of the Royalists to power, Milton was in disgrace and was forced for a time to go into hiding.

Blind, poverty-stricken, hated, he lost the joyousness with which in his youth he had written the trippingly gay and light hearted *L'Allegro*. Indeed he grew stern, almost hard, but he never gave up his work. Out under the trees in his garden he forced his three daughters to read to him hour after hour, long, tiresome books, sometimes in a foreign tongue of which they understood nothing. With that tremendous spirit of his, he wrote the most powerful of all his works, *Paradise Lost*, one of the greatest epic poems in the English language.

NEKRASSOV, NIKOLAY (*Russian*, 1821-1877) A famous Russian editor, poet and patriot.

NESBIT, EDITH (*English*, 1858-1924) Writer of children's stories.

NEWELL, PETER (*American*, 1862-) A most original humorist. Author of *The Topsy Turveys.*

NOYES, ALFRED (*English*, 1880-) One of the foremost poets of the day.

PAINE, ALBERT BIGELOW (*American*, 1861-) *The Arkansas Bear, Hollow Tree & Deep Woods Book.*

PERRAULT, CHARLES (*French*, 1628-1703) Collector of French fairy tales, *Tales of Mother Goose.*

POE, EDGAR ALLAN (*American*, 1809-1849) One of the greatest American poets.

POULSSON, ANNE EMILIE (*American*, 1853-) *The Runaway Donkey, Through the Farmyard Gate.*

PRENTISS, ELIZABETH (*American*, 1818-1878).

PRINGLE, THOMAS (*Scotch*, 1789-1834) Poet who traveled extensively in Africa.

PYLE, KATHERINE (*American* contemporary) *As the Goose Flies, The Christmas Angel.*

RAMÉE, LOUISE DE LA (*French*, 1859-1908) Called Ouida from her childish attempt to pronounce her own name. *The Dog of Flanders, The Nuremberg Stove, Bimbi, Moufflou.*

RANDS, WILLIAM BRIGHTY (*English*, 1823-1880).

RANSOME, ARTHUR (*English* contemporary).

RICHARDS, LAURA E. (*American* contemporary) Daughter of Julia Ward Howe and a noted writer for children. Author of *Captain January* and *The Joyous Story of Toto.*

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G. (*English*, 1830-1894) A poet of Italian ancestry, sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Author of *The Goblin Market* and *Sing Song*, beautiful verses for children.

JOHN RUSKIN (*English*, 1819-1900)

There was once a small boy who deeply loved beauty. His parents were very well to do, so they sailed with him frequently, even when he was a very little fellow, to the Continent of Europe, in search of all that was lovely. By the time he was three years old he was already so fond of nature, that, when an artist who was painting his portrait asked him what he would like to have for a background behind him, he piped up and answered, "Blue hills."

When he grew to be a man, Ruskin began writing books about all the beautiful pictures he loved, eagerly aiming to show others how to see as much beauty in them as he did. He was a friend, too, of Kate Greenaway's. He loved her quaint little figures and wrote her many letters which she answered with interesting notes illustrated by her drawings. Later Ruskin's interest in beauty advanced beyond pictures and he began turning all his enthusiasm to seeking the way of beauty in life itself. Then he wrote about how people could bring out more beauty in their lives by being more charitable, loving, earnest, honest and kind.

Ruskin loved boys and girls, and while he was still a student at Oxford, he set himself to please a little girl by writing a fairy story. It was all about the *King of the Golden River*, with his twinkling eyes, his coppery nose, and his hair of spun gold, and of how he helped the kind-hearted lad Gluck and turned the wicked brothers into stones.

CARL SANDBURG (*American*, 1878-)

A boy driving a milk wagon in Illinois prairie blizzards, working in brickyards and potteries, swinging a pitchfork beside the threshing machine in Kansas wheat fields—that was Carl Sandburg. As a youth he worked his way through college at Galesburg, Illinois, the town where he was born; he washed dishes in Denver hotels, shoveled coal in Omaha and served as a soldier in Porto Rico. During the World War he worked as a newspaper correspondent in Sweden. Today he is one of the most important of modern American poets, poet of the sunburnt Middle West, of smoke and steel and Chicago streets, flashing vivid impressions in short lines of free verse. He has three little daughters and he remembers very well the boy he used to be; so he once amused himself by writing some fairy stories, as American as green corn and sweet potatoes. These tales are called *Rootabaga Stories* and *Rootabaga Pigeons.*

SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON (*English*, 1860-) A well-known writer of true stories about animals. He was born in England, but lived in Canada and on the western plains in boyhood. Author of *Wild Animals I Have Known* and *The Biography of a Grizzly.*

SETOUN, GABRIEL (Thomas N. Hepburn) (*Scotch* poet, 1861-).

SHEPARD, ODELL (*American*, 1884-) Poet and literary critic.

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND (*American*, 1841-1887).

SOUTHEY, ROBERT (*English*, 1774-1843) Poet of the Lake District. A friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge. See *A Wizard of the Twilight*, page 173.

SPYRI, JOHANNA (*Swiss*, 1827-1921) Writer of children's beautiful stories of life in Switzerland. *Cornelli, Heidi, Mazli, Grittis' Children, Moni, the Goat Boy, Rico and Wiseli.*

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE (*American*, 1833-1908) Poet and critic.

STOCKTON, FRANK R. (*American*, 1834-1902) Novelist. Author of *The Bee Man of Orn. Fanciful Tales* and *The Adventures of Captain Horn.*

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE (*English*, 1837-1909)

There was once a gentleman living near London who quite forgot London. Day by day, through all the changing year, he gave himself up to surprising nature on the neighboring heaths and commons, in comradeship only with those creatures who with him were content with green grass and blue sky. He would discover with all the ecstasy of an explorer in lands afar, the new-come lustre of a hawthorne tree blossoming on Wimbledon Common. The long solitary morning walks over two commons that gave him these delights were seldom interrupted. Of later years his rambles were always alone and during them he saw nothing but the grass —the trees—the sky, and his fellow rhapsodists, small children. To him there was nothing so beautiful as the laughter of a child. It was sweeter than all the birds and all the bells of heaven.

If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

He did not recognize his friends even if he passed them. Once a lady, an old friend of his, purposely stood directly in his path to see if he would stop and speak to her. But he simply bowed his head without noticing who she was, and quietly passed her by.

Algernon Swinburne was one of the great poets of the age of Queen Victoria.

A Child's Laughter *In a Garden* *White Butterflies*

TAYLOR, BAYARD (*American*, 1825-1878) A writer of poetry for children.

TAYLOR, JANE (*English*, 1783-1824).

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (*English*, 1811-1863)

There was once a small boy sent alone on a great ship from Calcutta where he was born and where his mother and step-father still lived, to be educated in England. William Thackeray was not very happy at school, for the boys were rough and he was not overly clever.

As a young man Thackeray studied drawing in Paris, but he could not support himself by drawing so he began to write. *The Book of Snobs* published in *Punch*, brought him great success. Unfortunately, Thackeray's young wife became insane and his two little daughters were henceforth his constant companions, now in his study helping him with wood blocks for his drawings, now off with him to visit certain great ladies in the costumes they were to wear at Queen Victoria's fancy dress ball.

In his novels, which are accurate pictures of the fashionable life of his time, Thackeray makes all manner of fun of the snobbery he detested. He wrote one book for children, the deliciously funny *Rose and the Rings*.

When he traveled in America a certain admirer honored him with a jingle.

Ah! blest relief from pages soft and saccharty,
Give me the writings of that foe to quackery,
The bold, the keen-eyed, entertaining Thackeray.

Which rhyme caused the mock poet-laureate among the boys at Eton College to burst forth with:

Marshal Thackeray,
Dressed out in crack array;
Ain't he a whacker, eh?

Henry Esmond *The Newcomes* *The Virginians*

CELIA THAXTER (*American*, 1836-1894)

Just off the coast of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the sea beats up on the rocky shores of the Isles of Shoals. There lived little Celia Laighton, the daughter of the lighthouse keeper, and it was in Portsmouth that she had been born. On this tiny bit of land the child spent her days, awed by the splendor of the sea, yet delighted with all its changing colors, launching her fleets of musselshells in the still pools among the rocks, filled with unspeakable joy to find a flower growing in some rocky ledge, running along the beach, and dancing after the sandpiper at the edge of the foam. Sometimes she was allowed to light the great lamps of the lighthouse which sent their beams far out to sea to guide the sailors, and she thought, "So little a creature as I, might do that much for the great world." But ever she longed to give a voice to the things that made life so sweet to her, to speak the wind, the cloud, the bird's flight, the murmur of the sea. By-and-by she began to write in poetry all the delights of the little island she loved.

THORNE-THOMSEN, GUDRUN (Editor of Norse Tales) *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.*
TOPELIUS, ZACHARIAS (*Finnish*, 1818-1898) Poet and novelist.
TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND (*American*, 1827-1916) *Cudjo's Cave, The Jack Hazard Series.*
VAN DYKE, HENRY (*American*, 1852-) *The First Christmas Tree, The Blue Flower.*
WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY (*American*, 1829-1900) Editor and writer. Author of *Being a Boy.*
WHITE, STEWART EDWARD (*American*, 1873-) *The Adventures of Bobby Orde, The Magic Forest, Gold.*
WILDE, OSCAR (*English*, 1856-1900) Dramatist and novelist. Author of *The Happy Prince.*
YONGE, CHARLOTTE (*English*, 1823-1901) Author of *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest.*
ZANGWILL, ISRAEL (1864-1926) A great Jewish novelist and dramatist of England.
ZWILGMEYER, DIKKEN (*Norwegian*, 1859-1913) *What Happened to Inger Johanne.*

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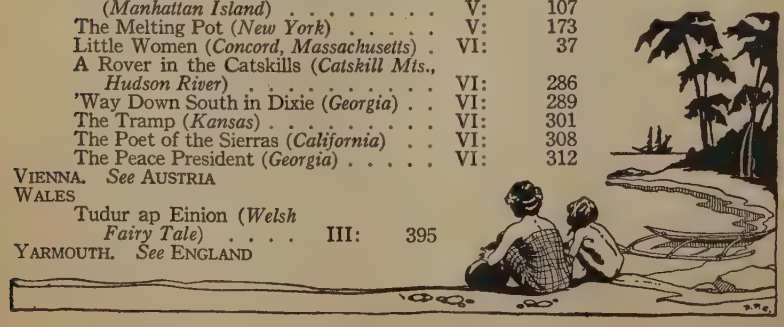

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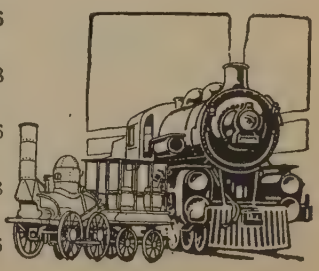

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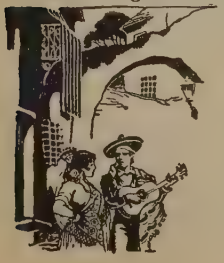

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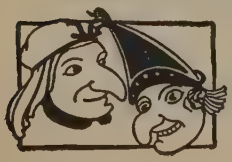

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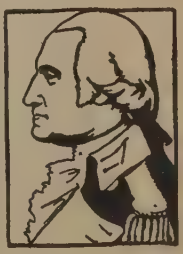

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A GUIDE TO THE PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES IN MY BOOK HOUSE

THE DIACRITICAL MARKS USED ARE THE SAME AS GIVEN IN WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

ā as in *cane*	*ĕ* as in *met*	*ô* as in *song*
ă as in *mat*	*ē* as in *her*	*o͞o* as in *cool*
ä as in *arm*	*ī* as in *fine*	*o͝o* as in *look*
â as in *care*	*ĭ* as in *tin*	*ū* as in *cube*
à as in *ask*	*ō* as in *hope*	*ŭ* as in *tub*
ē as in *be*	*ŏ* as in *not*	*û* as in *urn*

ABDALLAH, *ăb dăl' là*
ABUL KASIM MANSUR, *ä' bo͝ol kà sēm' măn so͞or'*
(Pseud.) FIRDUSI, *fēr do͞o' sē*
AENEAS, *ē nē' ăs*
AEOLIAN, *ē ō' lĭ ăn*
AGINCOURT, *ăj' ĭn kōrt* (English); *à zhăn ko͞or'* (French)
AHMED, *ä' mĕd*
ALLEGRA, *ăl lā' grà*
ALMA-TADEMA, *ăl' mà tăd' ē mà*
AMRITSAR, *ŭm rĭt' sär*
ANNOWEE, *ăn nō wēē'*
APOLLYON, *à pŏl' ĭ ŏn*
ARIEL, *ā' rĭ ĕl*
ARUMAN, *är ū' măn*
ASBJORNSEN, *às byûrn' sĕn*
AVON, *ā' vŏn; ăv' ŏn*
BAHMAN, *bä' măn*
BALLANTRAE, *băl ăn trā'*
BANGKOK, *băng kŏk'*
BARTIMEUS, *bär tĭm ē' ŭs*
BAUCIS, *bô' sĭs*
BAYRISCHERWALD, *bī' rē shĕr väld*
BEAUMAINS, *bō mān'*
BEAUMONT, *bō mŏn'*
BECHUAN, *bĕch' o͞o än*
BEOWULF, *bā' ō wo͞olf*
BIKKU MATTI, *bĭk' o͞o mät' tĭ*
BJÖRNSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE, *byûrn shēr' nĕ byûrn' sŭn*
BLOIS, *blwä'*
BOIS DE BOULOGNE, *boi de bo͞o lōn'* (English); *bwä dè bo͞o lōn' y* (French)
BOSEPHUS, *bō sēph' ŭs*
BOWDOIN, *bō' dn*
BRUSSELS, *brŭs' ĕlz*
BUDDHA, *bo͞od' à*
BURGOS, *bo͞or' gōs*
BYSSHE, *bĭsh*
CANDIDE, *kŏn dēd'*
CASA GUIDI, *kä' sä gwē' dē*
CASHMERE, *kăsh mēr'*
CATHER, *că' thēr*
CAWEIN, *kā wĭn'*
CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE, *sēr văn' tēz* (English); *mē gĕl' thĕr văn' tās* (Spanish)
CHAMISSO, *shà mĭs' sō*
CHAMPS ELYSEES, *shān' zā lē zā'*
CHANSON DE GESTE, *shän sôn' dē zhĕst'*
CHANSON DE ROLAND, *shän sôn' dē rō län'*
CHARLEMAGNE, *shär' le mān*
CHAUCER, *chô' sēr*
CHINON, *shē nôn'*
CHULAIN, *kōo' lĭn*
CIANNE, *chän' nĕ*
CID, CAMPEADOR, *sĭd* (English); *käm pā à thōr', thēlh* (Spanish)
CINQUE PORTS, *sĭnk pōrts*
CLOVELLY, *klō vĕl' ĭ*
CLYMENE, *klĭm' ē nē*
CLYTIE, *klī' tē*

COLOSSUS, *kō lŏs' ŭs*
COMPIEGNE, *kôn pyĕn' y*
COMYN, *kŭm' ĭn*
CONESTOGA, *kŏn ĕs tō' gȧ*
CORDOVA, *kôr' dō vȧ*
CORTES, *kôr' tĕs*
CROESUS, *krē' sŭs*
CUCHULAIN, *kōō hōō' lĭn; kōō kōō' lĭn*
CZECH, *chĕk*
CZECHO-SLOVOKIA, *chĕk' ō slō vā' kĭ ȧ*
DAGOBERT, *dăg' gō bĕrt* (English); *dȧ gō bar'* (French)
DAMASCUS, *dȧ măs' kŭs*
DASENT, *dā' sĕnt*
DAUPHIN, *dô' fĭn*
DEBORAH, *dĕb' ō rȧ*
DIEGO GONZALES, *dē ā' gō gōn thä' lĕs*
DOGES, *dōj' ĕs*
DONA ELVIRA, *dō' nȧ* (English); *dō' nyä ĕl vī' rȧ* (Spanish)
DONA SOL, *dō' nyä sōl*
DONA XIMENA, *dō' nyä hē mān' nä*
DONEGAL, *dŏn' ē gôl*
DONUIL DHU, *dŏn' ĭl dōō'*
DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA, *dŏn kwĭl' sōt ov lä män' chä* (English); *dŏn kē hō' tā* (Spanish)
DRACUL, *drā' cōōl*
DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO, *dŭl sĭn' ē ȧ del tō bō' sō*
DUNOIS, *dü nwä'*
ELIAB, *ē lī' ăb*
ELOI, *ā' lwä*
ELVIRA, *see* DONA ELVIRA
EL YUNQUE, *ĕl yōōn' kā*
ERIDANUS, *ē rĭd' ȧ nŭs*
EURIPIDES, *ū rĭp' ĭ dēz*
FABRE, HENRI, *ôn' rē fȧ' br*
FAENZA, *fä ĕnt' sä*
FELEZ MUNOZ, *fēl' ĕth mön yōōth'*
FERDINAND, *fĕr' dē nănd*
FERRANDO, *fĕr rän' dō*
FIDELIA, *fĭ dē' lĭ ȧ*
FIGARO, *fē' gä rō*
FILIPINO, *fĭl ĭ pē' nō*
FIROUZ SCHAH, *fē' rōz shäh*
FOULKE, *fōlk*
FRADUBIO, *frä dūb' ĭ ō*
FRAELISSA, *frā lĭs' sȧ*
FRANCE, ANATOLE, *ăn' ȧ tōl fräns*
FUEGIAN, *fū ē' jĭ ăn*
FUJIYAMA, *fōō' jē yä' mȧ*
GAELIC, *gāl' ĭk*
GALAPAGOS, *gä lä' pä gōs*
GALUPPI, *gä lōōp' pē*
GANELON, *gă' nĕ lôn*
GARAMANTES, *găr ȧ măn' tēz*
GARGANTUA, *gär găn' tū ȧ*
GAUTIER, *gō tyā'*
GEAT, *yĕ' ät*
GITCHIE GUMEE, *gĭt' chĭ gŭ' mē*
GOETHE, *gû' tē*
GOLGOTHA, *gŏl' gō thȧ*
GOTHAM, *gŏt' ăm; gō' thăm*
GRETHEL, *grĕt' ĕl*
GRODNER THAL, *grĕd' nĕr täl*
GUDRUN, *gōōd' rōōn*
HARLEQUIN, *här' lē kwĭn*
HAROUN ALRASCHID, *hä rōōn' är rȧ shĕd'*
HAWAIIAN, *hä wī' yăn*
HIAWATHA, *hī ȧ wô' thȧ*
HIMALAYAS, *hĭ mä' lȧ yȧz; hĭm ȧ lā' yăs*
HIRSCHVOGEL, *hĭrsh' vō gĕl*
HJALMAR, *yăl' mär*
IDUNA, *ē dōō' nä*
IKWA, *ick' wâh*
INGELOW, *ĭn' jē lō*
IRANISTAN, *ĭ răn' ĭs tăn*
JATAKA, *jä' tä kä*
JOTUN-HEIM, *yō' tōōn hām*
JUAN FERNANDEZ, *jōō' ăn fĕr năn' dĕz* (English); *hwän fĕr nän' dăth* (Spanish)
JUAN PEREZ, *jōō' ăn pĕr' ĕz*
JUDEA, *jōō dē' ȧ*
KABUL, *kä' bōōl; kȧ bōōl'*
KALEVALA, *kä lā vä' lä*
KAZAN, *kȧ zän'*
KHOSROO SHAH, *kŏs rōō' shä*
KISHINEFF, *kē shē nyôf'*
LAEG, *lāăg*
LA FONTAINE, *lȧ fôn tĕn'*
LAGERLOF, *lä' gĕr lûf*
LAOS, *lä' ŏz*
LAZARUS, *lăz' ȧ rŭs*
LEFÈVRE, FÉLICITÉ, *fā lē sē tā' lē fĕv' r*
LEICESTER, *lĕs' tĕr*
LEVITE, *lē' vīt*
LODORE, *lō dōr'*
LONGCHAMPS, *lôn shän'*
LOPE DE VEGA, *lō' pȧ dā vā' gä*
LOUIS PHILIPPE, *lōō' ĭ fē lēp'*
LOUVRE, *lōō' vr*
LUCERNE, *lū sûrn'*
LUXEMBURG, *lŭk' sĕm bûrg*
LYNETTE, *lĭ nĕt'*
LYSIPPUS, *lī sĭp' ŭs*
MAGDALENE, *măg' dȧ lēn*
MAGELLAN, *mȧ jĕl' ăn*
MAHABHARATA, *mȧ hä bä' rȧ tȧ*
MAHMOUD, *mä mōōd'*
MAMBRINO, *măm brēn' nō*
MAORIS, *mä' ō rĭz*
MARIENPLATZ, *mä rē' en platz*
MARQUESAS, *mär kā' sȧs*
MARSHALSEA, *mär' shăl sē*
MEISSEN, *mī' sĕn*

MOE, JORGEN, *yĕr′ gĕn mō′ ē*
MONTE VIDEO, *mŏn′ tē vĭd′ ē ō*
MUSTAPHA BEN, *mōōs′ tä fä bĕn*
NAIADS, *nā′ yădz*
NASEBY, *nāz′ bĭ*
NEVROUZ, *nau rŭz′*
NAVARRE, *nȧ vär′*
NAZARETH, *năz′ ȧ rĕth*
NEKRASOV, NIKOLAI, *nĭk′ ō lī nyĕ krä′ sōf*
NEREIDS, *nē′ rē ĭdz*
NEREUS, *nē′ rūs*
NIBELUNGENLIED, *nē′ bē lōōng ĕn lēt*
NICARAGUA, *nĭk ȧ rä′ gwȧ*
NIGEL, *nī′ jĕl*
NITOKRIS, *nī tō′ krĭs*
NUREMBERG, *nū′ rĕm bûrg*
NUSHAGAK, *nōō′ shȧ găk*
ODENSE, *ō′ thĕn sā*
ODYSSEY, *ŏd′ ĭ sĭ*
OJIBWAY, *ō jĭb′ wā*
OLE-LUK-OIE, *ō′ lă lōōk oi′*
ORMUZD, *ôr′ mŭzd*
PANZA, SANCHO, *săn′ kō păn′ zȧ* (English); *sän′ chō pän′ thä* (Spanish)
PENTAPOLIN, *pĕn tăp′ ō lĭn*
PERRAULT, *pĕ rō′*
PERTELOTE, *pärt′ lĕt*
PHAEDRUS, *fē′ drŭs*
PHAETHON, *fā′ ē thŏn*
PHARAOH, *fā′ rō*
PHILEMON, *fĭ lē′ mŏn*
PHILISTINES, *fĭ lĭs′ tĭnz; fĭl′ ĭs tĭnz*
PHOEBUS APOLLO, *fē′ bŭs ȧ pŏl′ ō*
PIERROT, *pyĕ rō′*
PINTA, *pĭn′ tä* (English); *pēn′ tä* (Spanish)
POGANY, *pō′ gä nĭ*
PORTSMOUTH, *pōrts′ mŭth*
PORTUGAL, *pōr′ tū găl*
POUCE, *pōōs* (French word for thumb)
POULSSON, *pōl′ sŭn*
PUNTA ARENAS, *pōōn′ tä ä rā′ näs*
PUNTA CONCHA, *pōōn′ tä kŏn′ kȧ*
PYRENEES, *pĭr′ ē nēz*
QUAI VOLTAIRE, *kē vōl târ′*
QUIXANO, *kwix sä′ nō*
RAGNAR LODBROK, *räg′ när lōd′ brōk*
RAMAYANA, *rä mä′ yȧ nȧ*
RHEIMS, *rēmz* (English); *rănz* (French)
RHODOPIS, *rō dō′ pĭs*
ROMOLA, *rŏm′ ō lȧ*
RONCESVALLES, *rōn thĕs văl′ yās*
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA, *krĭs tē′ nȧ rō sĕt′ ē*
ROUEN, *rwän*
ROUMANIA, *rōō mā′ nĭ ȧ*
ROZINANTE, *rōz ĭ năn′ tē*
RUDABAH, *rōō dä bä′*
RUE NOTRE DAME DES CHAMPS, *rōō nō′ tr′ dȧm′ dā shän′*
RUY DIAZ, *rwē dē′ ăth*
SALZBURG, *zälts′ bōōrk*
SAMOYED, *săm ō yĕd′*
SAN JUAN, *săn hwän′*
SANTA MARIA, *săn′ tȧ mä rē′ ä*
SATYRANE, *sȧt′ ĕr ān*
SCARAMOUCH, *skăr′ ȧ mouch*
SCONE, *skōn*
SEBASTOPOL, *sē bȧs′ tō pōl*
SEINE, *sān*
SELIM, *sē′ lĭm*
SHAH-NAMEH, *shä nä′ mȧ*
SHECHEM, *shē′ kĕm*
SIMEON STYLITES, *sĭm′ ē ŏn stī lĭ′ tēz*
SLIEVE FUAD, *slēv fū′ ăd*
SOL, *see* DONA SOL
SOPHOCLES, *sŏf′ ō klēz*
SPHINX, *sfĭnks*
ST. CLOUD, *săn klōō′*
ST. VLADIMIR, *sānt vlād′ ĭ mĭr*
STAMBOUL, *stăm bōōl′*
STEPPES, *stĕps*
STUYVESANT, *stī′ vĕ sănt*
TAGORE, RABINDRANATH, *rȧ bĭn′ drȧ nȧth tȧ gōr′*
THOREAU, *thō′ rō; thō rō′*
TIGRIS, *tī′ grĭs*
TITANIA, *tī tā′ nĭ ä*
TITIAN, *see* VECELLI
TOPELIUS, ZACHARIAS, *zăk ȧ rī′ ȧs tō pā′ lĕ ōōs*
TOLSTOY, *tōl stoi′*
TUILERIES, *twē′ lĕr ĭz* (English); *twēl rē′* (French)
TYROL, *tĭr′ ŏl*
TYROLEAN, *tĭr ōl′ ē ăn*
ULTONIANS, *ŭl tōn′ ĭ ȧns*
VACHEL, *vā′ chĕl*
VAILIMA, *vä ē lē′ mä*
VALENCIA, *vȧ lĕn′ shĭ ȧ*
VALHALLA, *văl hăl′ ȧ*
VALKYRS, *văl′ kĭrz*
VALPARAISO, *väl pä rä ē′ sō*
VECELLI, TIZIANO (TITIAN), *tēt syä′ nō vā chĕl′ lē tĭsh′ ăn*
VOLSUNGA SAGA, *vōl′ sōōn gä sä′ gä*
WARWICKSHIRE, *wŏr′ ĭk shēr*
WORCESTER, *wōōs′ tēr*
XIMENA, *see* DONA XIMENA
YARMOUTH, *yär′ mŭth*
YASNAYA POLYANA, *yȧ′ snȧ yȧ pŏl yä′ nȧ*
YEDO, *yĕd′ ō*
YUCEF, *ū sĕf′*
YVETOT, *ēv tō′*
ZAL, *zōl*
ZERUBBABEL, *zĕ rŭb′ ȧ bĕl*
ZULEIKA, *zōō lā′ kä*
ZWILGMEYER, DIKKEN, *dĭk′ ĕn zwĭlg′ mīr*